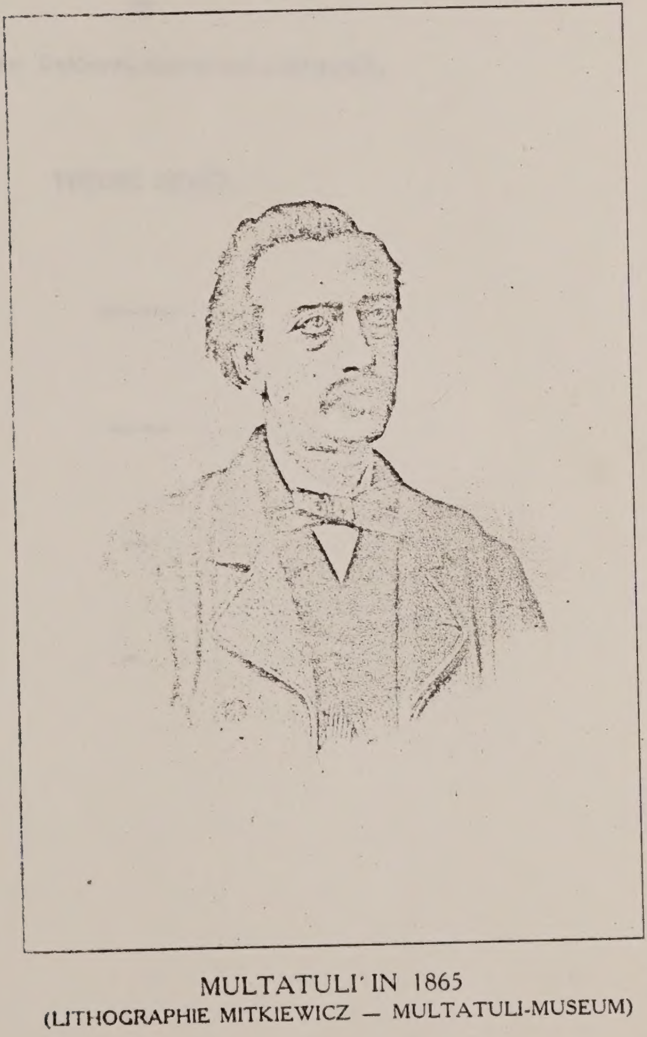

MULTATULI' IN 1865
(LITHOGRAPHIE MITKIEWICZ — MULTATULI-MUSEUM)

MULTATULI.

LETTERS.

Contributions To The Knowledge Of His Life.

Arranged and Illustrated

By

M. Douwes Dekker-Hamminck-Schepel.

VOLUME SEVEN.

Translation by:
Nicolaas Steelink.

Nicolaas Steelink
2228 E. Second St.

BUSKEN HUET. I
1866.

Translator's Foreword.

Translating this Volume, Nº VII of Multatuli's Letters, turned out to be the most difficult part of the task I set for myself of translating the entire series of 10 volumes.

At the same time its most moving. So much suffering, so much disappointment, so much courage to try and try again after each defeat!

What added to the difficulty of translating the works of a literary giant such as was Multatuli, was his decision to disregard certain rules of putting one's ideas into print for public distribution. The most disturbing one was his desire to avoid using capital letters for nouns and certain adjectives, for instance french instead of French, etc. Besides, his lavish use of foreign words and expression and attempts here and there to incorporate them into the Dutch language. A part of one long letter entirely in French.

It was for that reason that I decided to add a Glossary for the reader's convenience which, I hope, will meet with the general appreciation. N. S.

GLOSSARY.

Page	No.	Explanation.
2	1	Without breeches.
"	2	"Tje", Dutch diminutive.
3	3	On good luck.
5	4	Sentimental mourning.
6	5	Whoso embraces much, grasps little.
7	6	Well considered.
8	7	Frankly.
10	8	Direct thrust; blow.
11	9	No doubt.
"	10	Right now.
"	11	Either.
12	12	Give it credit.
"	13	Trenchant, salient, sharp, decisive.
13	14	Circle; cycle.
21	15	Down in your heart.
23	16	We assume that this time you will honor your signature.
24	17	Good.
29	18	Regrettable.
31	19	One should judge principles only after finding that they are good.
43	20	Don't worry.
46	21	After all.
47	22	At so much per sheet.
60	23	Not less than 3/m.
72	24	My fear is lest Garibaldi, and likewise the grand cause of Italy be sacrificed. There are distant things being wished to keep under cover far more than what's near. Garibaldi has been made a general, he is regimented, the epaulets of the crushing official routine, he has been given instructions absolutely the same as others who for twenty years have eaten the bread of the barracks.... all of which is alien to him who is a simple hero and a brave man. A genius in yokes never had any value. I comprehend perfectly that he accepted something that was dictated policy of the Italian cabinet offered him on penalty of having to go counter to his projects and being called a traitor to his country who took it upon himself to capture Venice and chase out the Austrians sans following military rules. It was said: "defense in name of the king on the part of genius never produced any miracles."

Page	Nº	Explanation.
72	24	Continued.

To Garibaldi taking Venice always had been a very simple problem (if there were one) the distance between two points. "But that's a straight line!" he had said. "Me here, Venice down there.... let's go! And victory or death! Even in defeat one should serve the cause of Italy." The blood of a hero like him is teeming. Young Italy is feeling encouraged, and the cry: a tomb for those at Venice, and for those at Rome a mausoleum," should have been the "God will it!" of a terrible crusade!

And now? Alas! The great man stumbles all along on the unfamiliar road opened to him. The miserable obstacles of too scientific, too academic (and too ridiculous) strategy he must stumble over, and the time it is, God knows how many corporals will there be who can boast as most heroes of knowing even the slightest word of the peloton-school (the a b c of a parade soldier.)

The simplicity of a genius never lies in the rigid exisgencies of a science full of artifices, invented to replace the genius. Victor Emanuel, obeying a fatal exterior pressure, known very well, is obliged to handle a storm in a teapot, and little by little show his guts to the enemy... while Garibaldi was at liberty to crush the adversaries, either in a triumphant directive, or spent his life reviving his own audacity.

Pallavicini under his command? I do not think so. I rather think that Pallavicini, who has given deplorable proofs of loyalty to Aspromonte, has given him the damper.... the same as a traitor. Does it not appear that our hero thinks too much of the acts of desperation of which the realm is possessed? And is it not inevitable that those things must go past the rules of the art? And is it not inevitable that there is a little of Lamarmora , and a little of the prince.... something similar, or a little of that to the ministers during an argument? What a shame for the budgets of wars, past, present or future, if a hero does better than the generals who for so many years were paid for it?

Page	Nº	Explanation, continued.
72	24	Nothing happens when the heroes do not withdraw and the generals do. (See Hannover, Saxony, Hessian and all other campaigns. In all there are 20 or more generals who withdrew or surrendered to one who would slay.) That made no difference so long the official formalities were attended to! Sooner perish the grand cause of Italy than to have to see again the incomprehensible grandeur of the major state being surpassed by such an intrusion! He should be rewarded well for taking Naples, and his fame and genius, and his simplicity, and his ignorance.... I maintain he has been sacrificed. I expect to see before long an austrian compassionate dance to save the disgusting contempt of the little people who soon will foresee that today's idol has no honor after the sad exigencies of politics has garrotted him. The world is as children who love to see a bird fly, but put it in a cage.... aye, how sad it is!
104	25	King Louis, brother of Napoleon occupying the throne of Holland.
105	26	West Indies.
112	27	Right.
120	28	Boarding school.
132	29	Disgusting.
134	30	Outlet.
135	31	Insignificant doggerel, playing on a word.
137	32	Yes sir, that has its own, quite peculiar story. One of the apprentices, you see, has become a journey man, and now he wants to have a little more liberty and says that he can do what he wants to in his room. One has to respect every one in his own dignity.

TO DR. JOH. VAN VLOTEN.*

I.

Amsterdam 8 June 1864.

Dear M. Van Vloten. A brief word of thanks for the pleasant reception that was my part at your house. Now I am again sitting in my little room near the water at the bible hotel in the Warmoesstraat, which I left 18 days ago with something like Jason's voyage in my mind. Now my golden fleece is the memory of your friendliness.**

I have started on your Spinoza and will read quite attentively, but what causes it I do not know: I read with great difficulty. For a couple of years now each sentence is a text to me and it seems as if I am unable to continue before I have added my sermon to it. That's tiresome.

I am curious whether you have received my little portrait. Arrived here I failed to find a letter from home, making me feel uneasy since I had asked her to write every day. That is a painful history. I had such a desire to work and now fear, afraid that I shall have no leisure. I never can get so far as to have a home.

When I consider how I have wandered lately I fail to realize how I did what little I did. Which is really not a complaint, but a kind of

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*)This volume, that in the main consists of the correspondence with Busken Huet, opens with a couple of letters to Dr. J. van Vloten, given to me by the family as a friendly gesture. They belong here in accordance with their dates.

**) Multatuli had begun to hold public addresses, among others also at Deventer, where Dr. van Vloten was a professor.

an account and in answer to the accusation I made myself that I work so little. In order to buy a little rest by lecturing in public, I went out. For that I had to overcome a deep objection and indeed I feel a little sorry for myself that this victory bore so little fruit. But taking all in all I am still glad for having been in Deventer.

I was unable to read aboard ship because (as a rare exception) I had a headache. Yet I made a beginning with your speech-genesis. I am sorry that the book is so short and as always with each matter that I learn there come ten others which I believe I need to know. Yes, so it is. Each answer carries along ten/new questions, and such an experience no doubt caused the Socratic humility which is so foolishly abused. "Vand' (t) zomer" and "d" (t) venster" I have grasped well. Pray, they who accept derivation as a guide to spelling, how do they justify the z of zomer and the v of venster?

Might the first sans culotte x who wrote venster instead of hembd also have gotten a picture from a professor in literature as I did from you because of my discarding the dead c.h.? No doubt. Aye, when I write a word thusly or so, my intention is not to assume leadership in it, -I myself cannot very well tolerate that it is aped in soldierly fashion- I only wish to let it be known that we stand in need of freedom on that terrain too, and if I -pedantizised- have written "mensch" I let it be as a mother would say to her jongetje: "you don't have to take off your paletootje, but I do rather see you in your kieltje." xx

Not well dressed? That's but a matter of time that changes tastes. There are pictures by Terborg (the paraplui painter) of magisterial persons with rings in their ears. Perhaps the first councilman who attended meetings sans such

x) = 1 in glossary.
xx) = 2 " " "

things was considered to be quite poorly dressed.

I like etymology very much, but not as a guide to orthography. I enjoy to look into how the history of sounds and words (throat and grasp) tells mankind's development. I thought that etymology should answer to the question "how do we come to that word?" not to the query: how must we spell it?

And they who pretend to the contrary cannot be consistent. (I do not have to be consistent since I am the one who asks for liberty and writes as it comes out a la fortune of the pen and a little on how it sounds. I also think that even the tuning key of one's feeling rules. "Who is that creature? Well, that's my aunt." "Oh, my dear mother!" All those things I think (selon).

The etymology-performers cannot be consistent, and yet they should be since they offer dogma for liberty. If the other germans express mensj by Mensch, then the arbitrary pronunciation of the ch is still only an irrational rendering of the sanscritic scha (?)that agrees with the Hebr. and Arab. sjien. (in Hebr. I have forgotten and books I have not.) Good, but the germans say mensj and express it in their manner. In order to be consistent they should (what they do not do) call the in an arab. dictionary "sch".

But we who say mens can dispense with that expired sound, methinks. Quite funny it is that until now in high Malay manisjia has been literally kept.

av (au')rang manusjia = thinking mens
" hoetan = wood mens = ape.

And one more remark if you please. Whoso thinks my mens too nude, should also be disturbed by the latin "mens" , that no doubt comes from the same root. How nicely the progeny of a family join after centuries of separation!

And now that latest hypothesis that civilization bloomed in the west before it moved to Asia! I am jealous of our grandchildren who will know more about it.

For Willem to make that star? They are two double crosses, laid upon each other with a difference of 45°. Will you explain it to him less pedantically?

I carry a grateful memory of making your acquaintance and I wish that you think about me heartily. If I work little it's because I'm wandering... will you take that in consideration when judging me?

To mrs. v. Vloten my very polite greetings, and a kind word to your lovely children.

I am with highest esteem and heartiness,

Your very obliging servant,
Douwes Dekker.

I've informed d'Ablaing that you have paid some of the expenses. May I ask you to bring the family Ter Gunne my friendly greetings and tell them that I am very grateful for the cordial reception.*

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*) The lecture in Deventer which was sparcely attended did not show enough gain even to pay the hotel bill. The money for this had been supplied by Mr. Van Vloten, and this was for the account of d'Ablaing. d'Ablaing is the family name of Multatuli's publisher at that time, the firm R. C. Meyer. In the letters to follow he is called now by this, and then by the other. On the 13th of June Dr. J. van Vloten answered this letter. The initial sentences of this answer may follow here.

Dear D.
To me too it was pleasant that you undertook the trip to Deventer, with the rather little fruit in another sense, as it made it possible for me to make a personal acquaintance with you. I appreciate that very much and hope that it may lead to a lasting friendly relation. People who, like you, know how to live with their heart are too scarce than that it would not be gratifying to me who thinks that this is the only true and joyful life, to meet some one like that. The cancer of our social life -the lie- can only be overcome by long trying, through an unflagging striving for truth; clear and loving truth. For that, however, unfortunayely most of our fellow humans are too shortsighted and lukewarm, and so it does doubly good to meet a strong fellow striver.

From this period I still find a rough draught with added ..... playfulness.... album page or the like.)

Innocence victorious.

That would be a pity for innocence, dear girl, but... quite fortunately it's not so.

If you would have to make a drawing of innocence, would you then seek your impression with some one who came home in high spirits... from the lottery hall at The Hague. Or with Kappelman who had just sold his stale raisins so successfully? Or with a man-butcher who had just won a battle with much pomp of glory?

Of course not!

Or if you transformed into Spandaw's little bird would you not at an unpleasant visit anxiously defend the young in your nest, sans the least confidence in the insurance policy of innocence?. Certainly you would even if just then you had put the ugly "pride of the valleys" to music, maestro en con sentimento.x)

Well, it's good that we do not rely on the safety of innocence.

As really it would not be worth the candle to avoid guilt, if innocence could be turned into speculation. Then virtue would become a profitable

x) ♯ ♯

business and kappelman a saint..

> .... Whoso does good
> that a god might reward him
> just thereby makes good into an evil thing
> into traffic! And whoso flees evil
> from fear of the disfavor of that god......
> is craven.............

So girl, we must endeavour to be good with or without hope for reward..

Deventer 6 Juni '64. Multatuli.

II.

Sunday morning.

Dear mister van Vloten. Thank you for your friendly letter. I would have answered sooner, but my wife and children are in penury and this is saddening. From experience I know that this sadness is mostly little grasped, so that I'll only mention it and just cite it as an excuse for the delay of my reply.

I think it lovely of you to have forwarded those portraits, but I wonder why my wife makes no mention of their receipt.

I thank you very much for your Jesus of Nazareth. That and that other about trade unions I have read. Your speech-evolution, your Spinoza, and the Darwinian theory applied to the growth of language-plants, I am studying. At least.... oh, I am somewhat upset.

I expect something like: "qui trop embrasse mal etreint,"[x]. Now that does not apply to me. I relate all to all and decypher more easily depending on the data I have. This is accepted in cryptography and that truth is denied (or ignored) when one endeavors to read nature's hieroglyphics. Everything connects with everything, and I think that Scheicher's application of the"laws of evolution" on language,

x) #5

is so naturally simple that many will consider it far fetched and untrue. I have not read Darwin, and do not want to,-at least not yet-exactly because I am on my way to show the plain law...

"Law," is not good here. Law reminds of predetermination and reason. There are no reasons. There are simply causes.

Well now, I believe I am on the way to show the unity of the causes that put all in motion. All. The growing of a plant, the changing of b into p, the wiggling of our little ball on its axle, the crying of a child, the lame drama of world history, all, all, all! Onto the miserable condition of my trousers, that forces me to stay indoors, although a stroll would do me good..

Now and then there are banquets organized at which a single raw material is mixed into so many dishes that the guests think they are enjoying many viands. Now so rich nature deceives us poor. Poor in data, rich in differentiation of product, and it certainly laughs at us when we mistake a croquette for a cake.

I believe that the truthseeker must act otherwise than the learned man in this respect that he lets go of bene distinguere[x] entirely as applied to partitions. I mean so: Before the knowledge of the history of existence (I purposely avoid the word law) he is not allowed to separate botany, zoology, astronomy, anthropology, language, morality, laws, briefly..... all mys and logics are one study. Only tradesmen are allowed (and usefully so) by separation of labor, to improve themselves in the fractions. The advocate "does" in laws. The ingenuous worker makes gears, Minister Thorbecke state's tricks (state's tricks is his own word) etc. The factory owner and the philosopher no doubt must oversee how

x) #6

the laws must lead to justice, how the little gears lead to a clock, and those little tricks something put together that can be of use to humanity.

How do I come to write this to you? Oh, because of the variegation of your (and mine) interests (Jesus, labor unions, speech, maconnerie, Spinoza.)

I like Spinoza very much, but.... but.... aye, I am jealous! What a leisure. What an opportunity to labor! When I think of that, I find that he has done little.

And is it not a little bit of an error on his part that he,(in order to be compendious, I'm well aware, but it tempts to false notions) repeatedly uses the word "god"?

Suppose that Ste Clara cures corns (I wish it were true as I am bothered much by them) is the pedicure who prescribes plasters instead of that Santa, call those plasters Santa Clara? Is that not opening a little door for those who wish to continue letting the holy Clara functioning?

Franchement[x] I do not believe that Spinoza had discarded god! In a note you say "it's known what he means by this." Now I find god cited in a way here and there that I can explain only by thinking of a person, an individual. You call Spinoza an out-thinker. I believe you in that sense that he possessed the courage and the honesty not to turn away from any conclusion. But thinking-out until the final conclusion I do not believe he has done. I claim that he died too early for that.

On page 54 of your work in his letter to Albert Burgh, on page 178 and 179 and on many places there is quite clearly an indication to an individual god. It occurs to me that Spinoza continued to believe on something of which

x) #7

he personally realized the impossibility. That I charge against his thinking-out. But I think him so courageous and honest that I ascribe it to lack of time, not to fear or falseness.

All things are the sum of their qualifications.

God exists of the qualifications a, b, c, d, etc.

But, my dear, the qualification a he cannot possess, let us deduct this from the whole. Good.

And b .... idem.
And c .... "
And d ... "

Briefly, after deducting the entire alphabet, Spinoza dies. And he lacked the time for this conclusion:

"After setting aside all the qualifications that should place god there, there remains.... no god."

A ship consists of hull, standing rigging and running rigging.

Behold a ship de-rigged. The running rigging has been removed, remains.... something.

Take away the standing rigging: remains... something.

And reason away the hull: remains.... nothing.

Isn't it so?

As soon as I shall have leisure I'll read your spinoza again, and differently. At present my impression does not count yet. I read with great diffuclty, and that is getting worse and worse.

But what did strike me is that Spinoza has a certain way of expressing himself which I discover within myself. Sometimes this is literally so, above all where he uses symbols. His search for truth

by transferring abstract notions to mathematical presentations, I grasp very well. Not a merit (for that it is too insignificant) but as a contribution to the similarity in kind of reasoning that in 1842 I qualified something the way he did -something I will call petitio... actionis- the forging of a hammer in order to be able to forge. No doubt I belong to Spinoza's family....

> and though I have father's nose not quite,
> I yet have a heart as he.

Aye, all my carrying on about his being stuck with god, I might as well have spared. You yourself say so on page 135. But this I ask you: does the allusion to god create confusion only? Or is it not plainly evident here and there that Spinoza himself was still confused? I believe the latter and in that I find gaping or a pause in his thinking-out.

Lovely he is! (Nice eh... having said that I am part of his family!) I have strolled to the woodmart. Aye, everybody ran back and forth as in Nahum II v. 4b.

("They run in disorder as do the blitzes.")

There wasn't a one who thought of him. When I'll be in The Hague I will make a pilgrimsge to the houses where he lived.

I have informed Meyer that you want him to publish your lecture on the maconry etc. Of course he is very pleased to do so. But I have to tell you something about maconnerie. My abhorrence of that crowd is as great as an abhorrence can be. I do not have to convince you of that. Yes, even greater than yours can be, not since I know more about them than you -which is not so- no, but because I saw more of it. With similar judgment, I still have more impression. The masons cant offended my taste so often.

X)#8

Now what do you think of my back-tracking when I say: that I favor maçonnerie, that I expect good from it, that according to me it lies entirely in nature (yes, so does all!) that it offers a cure -and the only one!- for all our social ills! Well, all of that I claim. And I should like much to speak or write about with you. The maçonnerie, whose history you are probing, is a rotten mess. But the basic idea is as old as weakness on one side, and unlawful or immoral authority on the other side, that is: as old as the human race. The animals that do not regulate their impressions to thoughts, have no maçonnerie, but one of the first results of regulation of impressions is cooperation. As soon as I can work I will try to introduce that natural manner of working between like minded ones. If I succeed, it will grow. Well now, then there will be outside that association that will speak as you do now of the old free masons. It is a rotten mess, pereat![x] That's well enough. But d'ici là,[xx] there is much to do.

But I grasp nothing of your "thus far all is right," on page 12 of your Jesus of N! And also nothing of "the great Paul" on page 16. Is that my fault?

Yes, writing is cumbersome. I think so too. Well.... speaking? When? How? I cannot come to Deventer. So let all those things lie there? Soit![π] But this I ascertain, that those two things I do not grasp. And "Jesus' teachings of love", I found neither teaching in it nor love. I know not nor acknowledge love outside of truth. Giving untruth is giving something evil = hating. And teaching? Good heavens where is it? Or am I unable,

x) #9
xx) #10
π #11

the same as Yankee doodle,to find the city, because of the many houses? Well, I fail to find the city of "Jesus' teachings". I do acknowledge seeing a house here and there. His philipic against the professors of his time is beautiful and courageous (what a style, sublime!). A couple of parabels I think... lovely, but inexact in their application. However, grant that I am wrong, does it constitute a teachings? About the most important points of human duty, human happiness (yes, that is one) Jesus has said nothing, or something so confused that silence really would have been better.

"Oh, Jesus was not a code of law writer, not a pedantic morals preacher, not a system maker....

"Good. But then what was he?"

I say the believers acted not so dumb in making of Jesus a god-son and miracle performer, without that there's really not much left.

The so called moral of christianity I think ugly, and if I had witnessed a miracle, so that I could not think of jugglery or mesmery, or perplexity -pour tout the bon[x] a miracle- my only impression would be: how regrettable that this man is not a little more able, and can speak plainly about what's good! That miracle the bible makers have not let him perform. And well because it is more difficult to think up than water-wine or hog racing!

Yes, writing is cumbersome and boring. I dislike writing. When one goes into detail, one becomes boring. And short theses, losely cast down, sound tranchant.[xx] Well, all told I mean: "it seems to me!" Idea XVIII, and, somewhere else: I have no time to appear humble.

x) #12

xx)

A language-curiosity. Poets, children and primitive peoples create images in the idiom, and later on the people use the words that contain images once more in a real sense. (this applies to other things too than the idiom, doesn't it?) Well, I was sitting in a tow-boat bound for Muiden and there I hear a skipper say: I didn't permit it.... such a little kid on the seat.... (of a wagon)... it's irresponsible.... Such a kid does not yet have a perspective nor suspicion."

Isn't that jolly? That I call renaissance! Of late I saw a bricklayer hold up a beam with his back. -So it goes in the Kreislauf x. First helot, then cariatide (caryatid) then helot again, etc. etc. etc., endlessly!

My little girl calls vomiting: to swallow out. Can it be better? And Eduard.... Oh, he makes dramas, beautiful! (Do not think that he is a bright child, he is exceptionally ignorant. Nonni is brighter and yet not exceptional. Perhaps there lies pretense in my rejoicing about it. As if it were strange that they are not bright.) Well, I'm glad that they like truth. At the"most beautiful" tale Edu will ask dryly: is it true? If not, then he cannot be persuaded to listen. I learn much from those children. I would like it very much if you could come to Brussels and visit my little troop there. I dare say that there is something pure in our household, and I believe that you would love us after that visit.

I greet you and your wife heartily, and your dear children too.

Douwes Dekker.

x) #14

I suppose I do not have to attach postage, do I? I really have nothing.*

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*) (A couple of short notes, written to Dr. Van Vloten in a spirit of familiarity, I will not include because of their unimportant contents. In one of those notes, lacking any date but "sunday morning" Dekker thanks Van Vloten for the loyal courage he showed by uttering his opinion about Multatuli. In, I believe an anthology, Van Vloten had entitled him as "a victim of Indies' mal government and netherlandish spinelessness.

TO MISTER C. BUSKEN HUET.

*) (In the published Letters of Cd. Busken Huet there also appear about twenty directed at Multatuli.

The very first one is of September 1864 and apparently the reply to a question from Dekker. The reason for the question was this:

It caused Multatuli grief that all of his works that appeared after Havelaar were hardly or not at all reviewed by the press. (Viz among others about this silence-system practised by Netherland's newspapers and periodicals, the letter to Busken Huet of 16 March 1867. Multatuli, in order to invite critique had through his publishers sent the succeeding deliveries of the "Ideas" to "de Gids"; but issue after issue of this periodical appeared without containing any notice of their receipt. "Perhaps the editors want to wait till the first volume is complete," said Dek. But after the appearance of the last number too did "de Gids" keep silent about the "Ideas". But now it did worse than not to review that work: It returned the sheets in an envelope without a word to the publisher.

Multatuli was not the man to ignore this insult and apparent from Huet's answer he expected to learn something else about this.

The matter of ms. P. was of present interest just then and Multatuli 's open letter was considered to be an insult by the more respectable public. Perhaps ~~it~~ because of Huet's letter it's useful to call this to mind.

In succeeding issues of the Ideas the initials have been deleted and the letter written to Ms. X, born Y at Z.

The first surviving letter from Multatuli to Huet is of some months later.)

Dear mr. Huet! I have a nicely made portrait and would be pleased to send you one of them. But let me know if you would appreciate it. And do not feel ashamed of saying no, if you please.

Greetings from
Your obliging servant.
Douwes Dekker.

Amsterdam
Kalverstraat 246
5 Febr. 65.

(Along with the date Multatuli gives his address: Kalverstraat 246. In that house lived mr. Meyer, who was still publishing the Ideas "for mutual account". There, Kalverstraat 246, he had his store, his printshop, his residence, he rented out rooms and besides he had an attic, which was not used. When Dek once entered oppressed by troubles... for some time he had stayed at the Bible Hotel in the Warmoesstraat but the owner had requested him to leave because he did not order wine with his meals. "If Dek paid up now all he owed wasn't the point, but he could get more rent if only Dek would leave," the man had said and Dek, upset by that walked in on Myer and told him about one thing and another without really counting on help. Meuer said:

"It's too bad that I cannot help you to a place to stay."

"Yes, Dek said, "if only I could sleep in your attic, and if I had but a little table at which to write, then I had no more worry at least about the lodgement charges.

Some of this was overheard by a few members of the Dageraad, if I am not mistaken at that time an association of mostly unlettered people, of which Meyer was a member or president. Multatuli had spoken there a couple of times, sunday mornings. Since the association was poor he had done so without compensation. Then it was always very full, the audience listened with respect, and never was he more eloquent than before those simple folk in whose milieu he felt "that his words fell on a willing soil."

Among the administration of the association was also Huisman, a former catehismus teacher, and Christiaans, a carpenter, I think. When he and a few other good peope now heard that Multatuli was willing to stay at Meyer's attic, they being tradesmen built a couple of rooms in that attic for their own account, painted and wallpapered them, a nd prepared for Dek a pleasant place to stay. Meyer placed the necessary pieces of furniture in it: a table, a couple of chairs and a bed. Dek was richer than a king, since he had a place where he could work, and where no one would dun him for money! Besides he was pleased with that attic abode. It hummed with the sound of people below, but this did not annoy him and I remember that he once said, full of animo about his work: "Really, a jolly idea

to sit here above all that bustle in my attic and from here sprinkle my ideas over the world."

The portrait mentioned in the letter was a lythograph, made from a photograph that had been taken by mr. Mitkiewicz at Brussels in 1864. Multatuli had big plans with this portrait and issued the following circular, the first or second of Februari 18 65, to the subscribers of the Ideas.)

To the readers of my Ideas.

Presently the Stamp Act will be abolished. I wanted to take advantage of that by publishing a Daily paper to supply more circulation to the Ideas that, so I hope, will contribute something to the cure of the "Contagium that exists in our state."

Concerning this I appeal to what I wrote and showed in Havelaar, in Loveletters, in Free Labor, in Ideas.

In order to start a Daily I am in need of money, a vast sum at that. It would be impossible to me to defend in a daily Courant what I hold to be truth without a certain measure of independence, and that independence is lost when the financial part of such an undertaking falls into the hands of money lenders.

Such dependence is one of the main causes why our dailies are.... what they are.

Daily I receive letters from concerned people who ask me in what manner one may give me proof, either of sympathy with my difficult past, or of interest in my person and my present work, or of participation in my striving for the future.

So here is an answer to those questions. I have had my portrait made, and request you to buy it at a high price. The sum which I shall need in order to reach relative independence, is large, above all because for years since I have been faced with difficulties which can not be eliminated by my share in the receipts from the sale of Ideas, even though, as for Holland the popularity of my writings is extraordinary.

I will inscribe each Copy of my portrait with a proverb, or a quotation from my works; so whoever does not care to pay a high price for my likeness, pay it for my autograph. Or rather, on consider one's expenditure a contribution to the proportionate independence which I wish to reach along this road.

Whoso for any one of these reasons desires a portrait from me is invited to send by postal money order, or registered letter, ten or fifty Guilders to my publisher, the firm R. C. Meyer, Kalverstraat 246, Amsterdam.

For ten Guilders a lythographed copy will be sent; for fifty a photograph, both well executed by Mitkiewicz at Brussels.)

I feel obliged here to declare emphatically that I cannot bind myself to the execution of my plan if I am not enabled to do so by a rahter general participation. Without complete independence -and some leisure!- I cannot publish a daily paper. In that event the wellmeaning purchasers of my portrait should have to consider their expenditure as evidence of sympathy with my person, or of being pleased with my work.

And -in connection with the absence of reasonable laws against

plagiarism. I request everybody to buy no portrait of mine not bearing my signature.

Expensive?.... Oh, this matter will cost no one as much as it costs *me*!

Multatuli.

(But the plan failed. The orders for portraits remained few, so that he got stuck with a large number, part of which he had already inscribed with quotes from his works.

This affair was a well of new grief for Dekker, also because the drafts from Mitkiewicz, the man who in good faith had made the portraits, could not be honored.

Multatuli's mood was bitter, and towards the end of the second volume of Ideas this is repeatedly evident. Here follow two letters in which he describes that mood.

……

TO MISTER R. J. A. KALLENBERG VAN DEN BOSCH.

IV.

Amsterdam 18 may '65

Dear mr. van den Bosch!

You will of course have found it very strange and perhaps devoid of thanks that I haven't written to you after receiving your proofs of sympathy. I know that my wife has answered, she so wrote to me. And I... did not write because I was sad. After your lovely assistance you were entitled to a cheerful letter. The contrary might convey that I asked for more. I waited from the first to the next if I could write joyfully, or at least not to somberly, but that time is staying away.

If you are displeased with my silence, then accept my excuse: grief. See, that now is the cause of my long waiting that I dislike to talk about that grief, and yet anything else I do not have to say.

Constantly I hear the sentence in my ears from page so and so, of the letter to mrs. Pruimers, where I compare each new dawn with a nagging spook.

That failure of the sale of my portraits will kill me. All depended on it. Writing for my own account, start a daily of my own, see, I could have lived together with my wife and children and pay my debts! And the worst is that this disappointment prevents me to work as now I have nothing but bitterness in my heart and am unable even to do the usual with which I might keep things going. It's in the writing of the Ideas the same as with the writing to you. I'm unable because of grief.

Writing demands a certain mood, self confidence, inspiration. Yes, I don't have to tell you that, well, that mood is bitter, that inspiration is a curse. Somewhere I said: the strongest expression of grief is sarcasm. No, I belive that the ultimate is silence. Whoso is able to heap abuse, curse or even mock, still feels life and still has expression. But there comes a time of vacuity.

I am jealous of a workman who can think what he wants to and only becomes fatigued from physical activity. Aye, that fiasco of the portrait effort cost me so much, and just now! My children are in need of my presence.

Yes, I am downhearted. If my writing had not been popular I would never have had the idea to enlarge my influence that way, but factual popularity with so little effect... see, that is treacherous! The number of letters to my publisher asking for Ideas is legio. And repeatedly there came requests for my picture (before it was made.) Besides I got all kinds of letters containing questions on how I could be supported. And now I, concluding from all of this that the intentions were good a contra coeur[x] decided to so offer that portrait, find all those enthusiasts suddenly dead. There is something treacherous in it and it breaks the bond that I thought existed between my readers and me. I was well aware that the majority was against me, but I had reason to build on the congeniality of the few who were not against me.

A few samples. Here in Amsterdam there exists a kind of Society called "Indies Club".(I never went there because.... oh well, for many reasons.)

Quite unexpected, and without any effort from my side, two months ago I received a letter from that club containing information that I had been

x) #15

chosen honorary member by unanimous vote. I was quite surprised and politely sent in my appreciation. Now I certainly was entitled to think that there were soul mates of mine in that society? They have not shown it, since none of them has contributed to the goal that I intended with the portraits. For that matter, in all of Amsterdam only three or four persons have ordered one.

I was serenaded in Utrecht. 'Twas a bustle beyond words. The sqaure before my door was filled. Now I was well aware that au fond this means nothing, and that many make noise for the sake of making noise, but still, in all of it lay sympathy. The speaker of the commission who entered said as he pointed to the exulting crowd: if those people had to choose for the chambers....

Oh, I am sick of it! Where would it go if I would digress on all the deceptions. Also, it would seem by citing examples as if that were the issue. No, it's the spirit of the whole and at long last this becomes shocking. One loses self confidence and in the end no longer dares to concluded that 2 x 2 = 4.

Instead of working I ponder. And that pondering fatigues me. Yes, if with wife and children I could go to America or Sydney and be a worker, I would go. I am tired of a struggle on a terrain on which I am not at home. If there were such cooperation for good, as now through apathetic unanimity for evil, then much would be different.

It may be that my bad mood will pass, that I take courage again;*

---

*) The rest of this letter is lacking.

V.

Amsterdam, 27 May 1865.

Dear van den Bosch. Your letter is so enthralling, and I have difficulty answering it, just because it touched me so. You have forgiven the preceding one by me, and I dislike to write you again so grievously.

Still, I cannot do otherwise. And that I did not answer sooner had its reason. Today there is another draft due. In anxiety I look forward to the man. In that suspense I passed the last several days. Writing to you would have had the appearance (to myself) as if in it I asked once more for help. Now the day is there and so it's too late for that supposition.

Yes, your letter is enthralling and it's always somewhat difficult to answer such warmth with thanks and regrets. Since I must decline. Not because I am disinclined, but it is impossible and it would not help me. The hearty tone of your offer, and the description of my room, so it might be with you, appeals to me. Oh, I would like to so much. But the way you describe it could never be since I take all my cares with me, in-and-outwardly, and instead of finding respite with you, I would sadly walk around in the heather, the same as I walk around here in the slums. Now, being deprived of some things, this want is at least in keeping with my mood when I think of home. A good life with you would throttle me. But the better I would have it the more welcome, if that would enable me to work for those at home. Now, that would be impossible since with even the most tranquility as applied to my own existence, working is impossible for me because of the displeasure within me.

I will try to explain this as calmly as I can.... I am restless and nervous and in need of mental strength in order to write to you with composure. That creditor from Brussels wrote me: "nous esperons que cette fois vous ferez honneur a votre signature." x Faire honneur. That's sounding

in my ears for days since, and I assure you that now and then I feared to lose my mind. Faire honneur. So the contrary is shame. Øgod, that is so terrifying. I should be used to it after five years.... I tremble as if it were the first time that I cannot pay what I owe. But I'll explain to you why I cannot work at the moment.

I was always good and even goodnatured. Lately I feel that I am not good. I betray myself being irascible and cruel. I feel rancor. I feel rancor. And even when that rancor would pass when I still had the power to dismiss it, now I feel it. Well, that's why I cannot work. I am in mood to rejoice about ill luck in stead of being virtuous, that is: to enjoy giving enjoyment. I have lost the inspiration of what is good, and that deprives me entirely of what passed for talent. If it were that my striving could be called divine worship, I would say that I had lost my belief. Yes, so it is. I no longer believe that I am good, and that distrust deprives me of the strength to be good.

Think not that I write phrases. If I ould tell you all the ugly impressions that I undergo, more and more, you would see that it's true. It gets to be a monmania.

Now, in the past that was different, my intentions were good, and my impressions were prima, sautier-good.[x] Now I should, believe it or not, that in order not to do evil, I must reason. Very soon I shall be in need of principles.!

And to this the portrait history has added much evil. You say it's duty to place oneself above such deceptions. Yes, if it were a deception without further consequences. Imagine that all portraits

x)#17

were taken immdiately and that the receipts were accidentally lost. This would have been a loss of relatively little importance. But the course of the matter has deprived me of confidence, and that breaks me. I have lost all my elan.

I am aware that I am subject to the honor of general critique. Everyone is is either for or against me. Few are indifferent. Opposition, hate, slander, etc., were welcome to me in so far as I would assume that on the contrary there existed interest in just as great a measure. For and to those interested ones I would write. And really, the evidences which I received were so many and so (seemingly) convincing, that I felt a right to rely on them. Those evidences ran into the ridiculous, of this I am now aware, but I'm not judging, just reporting.

The result of my effort with the portraits causes me to ask if all of it was falseness. Now intentional falseness it cannot be -that would be too systematic- but prolonged lukewarm insincerity it is indeed. And it's certainly evident that those would-be supporters have never understood me, and that my popularity must be ascribed to things worthless to me and which -plainly speaking- I despise. That alleged writing talent is something ordinary, believe me. I have said so more than once, and it is thought that they are just boutades. I assure you that they are my feelings. I cannot express it more clearly than by comparing it to the feelings of a decent woman on perceiving that people hold her high because of qualities that are common with courtisans.

It's evident from all of it that I've been looked upon throughout as something that ordinary. I've seldom become angry about opposition or slander. But I've felt hurt now and then by the debasement heaped upon me by those who are supposed to be on my side.

I have a desire to say as plainly as possible what I mean (a liar says so too... so be it!) Now, so I did in the description of Havelaar's character. The good that I intended there was called vanity. I thought I did speak truth... Now there it's stated that I cannot speak _when I feel I'm not being grasped_. This has become a fact after the portrait case, above all when I connect it with my total experience these five years past. Only just now do I recapitulate and realize that my efforts were for naught.

Its exposition would be curious. Briefly presented the matter is so:

I made a sacrifice to _a_, and said _a_.

9/10 shouted you lie; you are a rogue, it's not _a_, but x....

1/10 (pretended supporters) said: yes, you are certainly right, it's _z_!

I did not mind the 9/10. But the grief of the 1/10 not having grasped me has shaken me.

So the publication of all the evidence proving how I have been miscomprehended would be useful? Verily not! Chances are that I would write it so "beautiful" that again these people would exclaim while acclaiming me: _z_.

I judge myself incompetent to make myself clear to the greater part of my readers. And the few who (as you) are sincere in their approval, cannot help of course. To four or five hundred it would have been an easy matter.

Love is desire for unity, joining, communication. Not-expressing, not-speaking, having nothing to say shows a lack of affinity, repulsiveness, hate. Behold my discovery that I do not feel being good, that prevents me to write, and why I do not feel being good, I have explained to you.

Think not that this is system-making. I do not make systems. I observe and try apres coup to explain.

And this is closely connected with your generous proposition. I would bring my oppressed mood along while remaining idle. At your Laanzicht I would be angry with my readers just the same as now here. You would begin to dislike me and think: "why doesn't he work! His family suffers penury and he is idle."

My environment here is not so bsd. Usually I am alone. This sounds haughty, but I do not mean it that way. I like to be alone rather than to associate with indifferent ones. This was not always so, but lately I have been brusque with many people whose tattling bored me. This was erroneously interpreted as if I thought their association too insignificant. That was not true. I find just that most boring: all those so called important conversations, above all for show only, signboard-like. But the frankness that I prefer is usually lacking. One who holds himself to be truth-loving, and never presents a fact otherwise than it is, still will always lie when principles or meanings are involved, and that bores me. The lie has gone modern, the same as theology. No longer do people say

I believe so and so and so while in fact not believing it; now they say: I do not believe it (sincerely) but act reversely (falsely).

So I scarcely talk to anyone. Only my little niece, the daughter of my deceased sister, visits me every three or four days. Also her brother when he is in town, but since a year or so he is in Utrecht attending the politechnic school. The conversation with d'Ablaing is limited to a nod in passing.

Of correspondence I have scarcely any. I used to receive many letters but they bored me by their insincerity. Again not because of certain lies, but that constant saying one thing and doing something else. I'm sick of that kind of spiritual contact. Haven't I got the right to become provoked with those who overload me with assurances of unsolicited sympathy, when afterwardit becomes evident that it did not mean a thing. As then it's only a need of conversation and thereby issue to themselves a certificate of cooperation, without showing the exertion that cooperation demands. 'Tis far too cheap.

Outside my letters home, mostly containing only the hope to keep a stiff upper lip, currently I only write to a young woman in Arnhem; secondante at the training school for teachers. She is congenial and courageous. Her father is an army major and taken strictly she would not need a job, but since I had influence on her, I insisted that she work. Before that she was in Geneva and trained herself sufficiently to become a governess with a family in France. But she preferred to live in Holland and is now placed at Arnhem, after spending some time with my wife. "With my wife" means that she occupied and paid for a room in

the same house, since of "staying" with us there can be no thought. I am interested in her comments about education at that institution. Many things there are pitoyable.[x] But that I found too in what she wrote to me from Geneva.

With such few contacts there are no external circumstances that prevent me to work. On the contrary, my internal grievances being equal, there are external things that would make it more difficult for me staying with you rather than here. I would not like to await at your place the visits I expect about that draft. I would cast a blemish of insolidity over your home. It is so that poverty is not respectable. This is not said sarcastically, but as truth. Whoso does not pay his drafts or his bills, is indeed degraded. One feels, speaks or walks differently. Oh, it's terrible. And there is still more. Repeatedly it would appear to you that I -in relatively small things- was in difficulties. You would want to help, and soon I would be your entire responsibility. If we decided to avoid that, then I would have to hide my difficulties, (which is not always possible.) From this would grow an artificiality, which.... oh, it's impossible!

The draft-people have been here. Now I am unable to continue writing. But this I still would say, I would very much like to come for enjoyment as soon as it is entirely out of need.

I have answered: monday! Such a draft is like a pair of plyers!

When I started this letter I found it difficult to think while I wrote. Little by little I was diverted by it, but now that spook has returned. 'Tis a real torture.

X/#18

Please think above all that I know how to appreciate your offer. Just becaue I pay attention to saying and not doing. You are one of the few who indeed do what they say. If I happen to think that you can be of assistance, then I'll make bold to ask you for it. But it must not fall in a hole, you see. I myself must be the one who advises, even though I need help in its execution, but it must not be help from outside only, don't you think? I must be able to see that it is of benefit, and that I can start to work.

I accept your friendship quite earnest ly and will reciprocate, and will rely on it. I am sending your eminent letter to my wife. It will do her good.

With a congenial greeting I am with respect and friendship,

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

……

TO MISTER C. BUSKEN HUET.

VI.*

*) (Of this letter I do not have the original. only a copy supplied me by Mister Gideon Huet.)

Dear Mr. Huet, Enclosed an anthology (in two colors says the publisher, rather strange, I believe it contains more colors than that)

Tell me once that you always have an idea that after "Max Havelaar" I have caused nothing but darkness? I think differently about it, but am not angry about your opinion.

Oh, that writing business!

And will you tell me how far you are with the Ideas? I have been all mixed up for months in the mailing of the current numbers.

Friendly greetings,

t. à. v.

Douwes Dekker.

1 Nov. 65.

That piece by Ds. Pierson I've looked into. Read it, not yet. And... and... before I judge it...

"You must read it, you say?"

"Yes, and know how much money he has on hand. Il faut juger des principes d'apres le bien-etre.x 'Tis rough, but it's so.

Lulli the composer was ill and in need of absolution. The priest gave it to him on condition that he burn his latest opera.

For salvation's sake Lulli burned his latest opera.

But... he recuperated! Then the opera rose and the postponed salvation dropped in value.

x) #19

A friend reproached hims for his rashness.

"Chut... chut! I kept a copy of it."

Moral:

Before crediting any one with the "merit" of burning his opera, it should first be determined if he had a copy of it.

That I am so bitter is because I am in such devilish difficulties. Best wishes. *

---

*) Along with his copy Mister G.Huet remarked that the piece by Ds. Pierson probably was "To my last congregation", Arnhem, 1865. In that year Ds. Pierson resigned as preacher from the Walloon congregation at Rotterdam.

That Multatuli after Max Havelaar had produced nothing but darkness, had been written by Huet in "De Gids" of January 1864. He was speaking about a piece by a certain Harthoorn and then says verbally:

In a certain sense it's a "Max Havelaar" on missionary terrain. Mister Douwes Dekker has been a disappointment for the national letters. A thick darkness has followed his brilliant fireworks...."

And further: "Mr. Harthoorn is devoid of the rare talents that brought to life the romance of Saidjah; to the speech to the chieftains of Lebak; to the immortal Drystubble. But at least he is not obstructed, and already in itself this is a guarantee for the future, by an excessive individualism. His firstborn is evidence that as a good soldier of literature he knows how to hide behind his subject. With him there nowhere explodes the personality of the injured one."

The"anthology" of which the letter spoke, was a little booklet issued at that time (1865) by mister Meyer "In two colors," namely with colored ornamental borders and arabesques. Multatuli had personally collected its contnets: he corrected the proofs with the greatest attention and worked with much care. He was very fond of the booklet and with exceptional liberality he sent it to friends, acquaintances and near-acquaintances, gratis, trusting that it was the best publicity for his "Ideas". That anthology, to the production of which he devoted so much time and energy, not only brought him no financial gain (since he did not receive a remuneration for it) but even raised the debit with his publisher who made him pay for all the donated copies.

In the anthology Multatuli wished to include a few things from his "Max Havelaar" but he was denied the opportunity by the publisher of that work, De Ruyter.

This was off-set by the inclusion of certain end-rhymes in French, which Multatuli once made for an exercise given by Alexander Dumas, which I let follow here as a curiosity. Besides being included in the anthology, they also became part of a booklet by Dumas who published them together with those made by many others. Dekker possessed that booklet for some time till it was stolen along with other matters.
Further curious is that in the anthology Multatuli followed the end-rhymes with citing Idea 267.

Enseigner A plus B, l'algèbre a votre femme,
Ou l'art de tricoter au fier Catilina;
Tenez de longs discours sur les élans de l' ame,
Au requin expirant qu'un matelot fouina;

Parlez de conscience au Tartuffe qui jongle;
Au tyran aveugle des droits de citoyen;
Prouvez au beau condor qu'il peut se passer d' ongle;
Expliquez: "trois font un, et un trois" au paien;

Avalez des boulets, comme une mirabelle;
Meprisez le genie du fougueux Mirabeau ;
Refusez "ce chapeau" aux voeux de votre belle;
Eclipsez le soleil par un mechant flambeau;

Cherchez Paris en Chine, et Rome en Orestie;
Attaquez sottement l'esprit de Gabrio*)
Calculez des douleurs la charge repartie
Qu'engendre le bonheur d'un joueur d' agio.

Nommez Rolet.... honnete, et le vautour: bec figue;
Rassasiez un ours de l'aile d'un faisan;
Confondez blanc et noir, la Fronde avec la Ligue;
Tarquin superbe avec le fuyard parmesan;

Enfermez l'nivers en coque de noisette;
Coupez l'aurore en deux, comme un petit pate;
Parlez d'astronomie a la fraiche grisette....
Mais cachez votre esprit a un baudet bate.

(On the last page of Ideas, Volume II, Multatuli relates how in the theatre of Deport, where the German company of Sourlet performed at that time, he distributed a couple of boxes on the ears to two men because they were engaged scoffing at an actress whose son complained about it to him. I do not know whether that company was playing "Fortunio's song" that evening. I do know that they often presented it and that Multatuli liked to see it.

On that particular evening he became irritated. People sitting on a bench behind him mocked the actress who filled the main role, for which she was a little too old for it. The sone of the actress observed it and said:

"Heh, sir, what's there a mocking behind us!"

"Yes, my boy, I too hear it, and I'm fed up to here.....

He pointed to his throat.

The mocking continued. The show was in full swing; Dek arose, turned around and gave the mocking "gentlemen" a blow in the face. Some people and he who had received the blow. After a little bewilderedness a companion of the mocker stepped forward and in great excitement said: Do that to me if you dare! Dekker responded by giving him a slap in the face. Once more the crowd retreated, no one saying any more. Soon the curtain fell. Dek took his card from his pocket, gave his address and invited the men to look him up in case they desired satisfaction. He then left the hall. The following days he waited in vain for those people.

But months later he received a summons to appear in court. He was just about to leave town but now decided to go later in order to be in court on time. He had to wait there an hour, two hours, still longer. Tired of waiting, he left. The consequence was that he was tried in absentia and sentenced to two months in jail and fined f50. I'm relating all this since it has not been without influence on further happenings.

VII.

Coblenz, 6 July 1866.

This letter must have been preceded by another of 1 or 2 July, as is evident from the letter from Busken Huet to Dekker of 4 July: but I do not have it.

-As I was with Dekker when these letters were written-after my stay in Geneva and France, I had seen Multatuli again at the end of 1864 at Brussels with Tine

at their apartment, and after a variety of experiences we were at Coblenz in July 1866. I asked him about his relations with Huet. According to his notes he replied about:

"I do not know Huet intimately, but I esteem him as a public person. He is more or less on my side, think only of his critique of Zaalberg's "Praying Jesus". Due to one thing and another I sent him the portrait and later the anthology. Incidentally that was shortly after he had written that notorious Gids article, in which he introduced queen Sophie and ladies in waiting, speaking; it was, I believe, to strip an almanach. That was taken very ill of him. He was forced out of the Gids' editorial staff, well, a tempest in a teapot. Now I was very well aware of it all, and if you ask me, I do not think it polite to introduce the queen speaking, but at the same time not much worse than a small tastelessness, and I didn't take it too seriously. But since he was under a ban by many people, he seemed to feel more about what I sent him than he would have otherwise. At any rate he looked me up at Meyer's, in my little attic rooms, and thanked me, and said something like: So you haven't put me under a ban! from which his sensitivenes was evident to me. Now that gave a kind of approach. Along with this I consider him a stallwart, reliable man.

Dear mister Huet!

Many thanks for your help and the urge of it. Verily, 'twas in time. Towards the end of last month my wife received an invitation from a lady friend to come to Italy with our little girl. We had agreed for some time, because of the difficulties in which we have found ourselves these many years since, and from which till now I have seen no chance to extricate ourselves, that she would go her own way in the event something turned up that might lead to improvement. For that reason, and just as she writes, to spare me agitation, she did not acquaint me with the proposition of her friend before it could be made

acceptable through the possibility of taking our little boy along. In the rather hurriedly written letter she names mr. Potgieter as the person through whose intervention---- oh, she writes so hurriedly and carelessly, which is only a matter of course after so much stress and grief and the excitement of suchan unexpected departure. I paraphrased "Potgieter" into Huet, and it seems that I translated reasonably well. (May I offer you her letter to read? It sketches our position.)

You are so good as to inquire into what are my plans. I am so poor that I really cannot form another plan than seeking a little leisure in order to get to work again. Long since I have lived from day to day, yes often by the hour. It's difficult for me to put myself to work, since I'm constantly in uncertainty if I can continue tomorrow what I started today. I pump to hold myself above water, and so set no course. Yes, were I so far!

But just as bad or even worse than the boring worry for immediate needs, the condition of my wife and children oppressed me. No, my own need was the worst, since had I been certain of a roof and food for a little while, their need would have been reduced soon. Their need was only grief, mine grief and inability. But, be this as it may, I abided! The number of times that I was misled in Holland is legio (beginning with the infernal knock by prof. Veth who let me wait for six months incurring debts on the "address to the nation," which he drew up but never published. I waited now on this, then on that, and the longer it took the more I went behind. If from different directions the sign had been given to choke me, it could not have been better contrived.

Now my wife had to flee from Brussels.

TINE WANDERING.

(shortly after the appearance of "Max Havelaar" Tine, as the readers of these letters may know, went to live in Brussels. In time she had gotten into debt there, above all during the later months things got very difficult for her. I find a couple of letters from her, without dates it's true but which I think, since there is mention of Mitkiewicz and Nonnie's birthday, I can place in May and June 1865.)

From Mrs. Douwes Dekker to Multatuli.

I.

Monday evening.

Dear, poor Dek! Just when your letter arrived I got a visit from one of the messrs. Mitkiewicz. You can guess how I felt, but I kept quite cool. He asked me if something could not be paid before the end of the month on the former draft. He did not seem to be aware yet that the other one had been protested, and I did not tell him. Only that I could not give him anything, that I had nothing of any value and that, given time, you would take care of things. He said he did not know how to handle it. Might it be that you tried to make other arrangements since you had such bad luck with the sale. Or what shall I tell them? Oh, what a fatality. It's now eight o'clock. I have heard no more, I fear the day of tomorrow. The children are well, Edu and Non are so lovely, it's heart breaking. I do not know what to begin. I would like to go to the Indies with the children, perhaps all would go well there. Gut, I don't know what will happen. 30 June downstairs 800 fr, poor Dek!

II.

Tuesday evening.

Dear Dek. Today passed without anyone bothering me, You are aware that with each little noise my heart throbs with fear, in that nervous mood I passed the entire day to make an undershirt for Edu from a shirt that you do not wear any more. I shall often look knowingly at that little shirt.

Poor Dek. How you'll be worrying. Oh, I think fate pursues us a little too roughly. Dek, don't be discouraged, although I am aware how difficult things are. I don't know what to do, although I think a lot, almost anything would make me decide to get out of this fatal position. I would like to go to England because you can't get prosecuted there. Money sure counts, a few thousands and even more went easy once what is now so pressing.

How happy I'll be when our sweet Non will be able to make herself independent with her violin. It would be a bitter shame if the child had to give it up, the is just getting the idea of it. I've never been so nervous and worried as I am now. My heart is oppressed, more's the pity as the dear children are so happy! 'Tis thursday, Non's birthday, the child dreams of it. Even if I can't buy anything, I will stil give her something, I will manage so long I have something. She constantly mentions thursday. "Think of day after tomorrow." They are lovely, dear youngsters, including their little defects. Everything hurts. Just now I got a visit from the parents os Willeme (the owner of the apartment) come to say goodbye. They'll leave tomorrow; those people are 75 and 80 years, living in happiness, and they still are so youthful.

The old lady still runs as a pewit and so straight up that many a young girl could use her as an example. Oh, I don't know why I write all of this. Your mood no doubt isn't very good, and neither is mine.

III.

Dear Dek, Thanks for the ten florins. Also I was real happy that you have some hope again, then I'll too have some once more. I'm not quite aware of what I wrote you yesterday, but I was so deeply discouraged and sad, but now a little better again because of your letter.

(That letter I do not have.)

Imagine, Edu is with mister Salvador. They're gone to Waterloo, Edu was itching to go. It made me restless all day and will be glad when he gets home. He left this morning as early as half past seven. Non said she too would have liked to go to Waterloo as "as it would be so nice to see a strange country."

Oh Dek, would it be that you have a real prospect, I sure hope so too, that fear for the draft is terrible . I am at my wit's end. How everything still keeps on the way it does is a puzzle to me. I do not realize it myself, and if some one would tell me that it happened to some one else, I would not believe it, but they are the last straws. The baker is getting difficult. The butcher has a terrible bill, but he keeps quiet. Could it be that there were deliverance, it would be a blessing. Poor dek. If you could get money, could the matter still be saved? Poor fellow. If I can not pay downstairs, I must go ahead of time. Perhaps all will still come out well. Good god, 'tis all too bitter.

Dek, I still hope you can think of something. Can Meyer do nothing? Oh, oh, I feel so sorry for you. Yes,the letter from mr. B. is very lovely, but a couple of thousand guilders would be better. Dagh, dear Dek, I'm so tired and you no less, those poor children, I look at them in sorrow. Till now they've not been unlucky. This week Edu exchanged three molars. He loves me so, he is a dear boy, and Non does too, she is my little heart, dagh Dek.

The bill for 800 francs from the apartment owner, about which Tine worried so much is paid, and a few other bills too, but in the Spring of 1866 the debts could no longer be paid and the day before the last due date Tine fled with her little daughter to Amsterdam. It's this flight about which Dekker speaks in his letter to Huet.

In between I want to relate something here about the honoring of one of the latest drafts. I do not know the date, I guess it was in the Fall of 1865.

> It was again time for such a draft and Dek worried himself sick seeking for a means to fulfill his promise. He was living in his little attic abode, and in order to go out he had to go through the store and past the office of Mr. Meyer. With a few words Dek had informed him that then and there another draft was due at Brussels. But Meyer had dropped the subject. And even though it irritated Dekker in general that he as author was so popular and still had to be plagued with penury, he did not blame mr. Meyer. Since the latter was supposed to have no money and the profit on the Ideas would come bye and bye.
>
> Dek had run around as though one crazy, he didn't know how to help Tine. Exhausted from worry he came home, and as he went upstairs he told Meyer:
>
> Day after tomorrow that draft is due... I'm beyond reason."
>
> "Yes, I know, I'm prepared to take care of it."
>
> "Yes? Do you have money?"

"Yes, I knew that draft was due, you told me. Wait a bit, I'll come upstairs and will give you money.

Dekker didn't realize what was in store. So often he had been hard up and never had Meyer seemed concerned. And now .... the amount was considerable.... could he help now? What's behind it? Dek asked himself.

Meyer came up with money. Also he brought along a paper which he laid in front of Dekker to sign in which Dek sold his Ideas to Meyer for f40.- per sheet.(Although, as the reader remembers the agreement was: "for mutual account") I think that on that occasion "Free Labor in Neth. Indies" also was sold. Dek was mad but controlled himself and signed without saying a word. In addition Meyer toted along an account for room rent, rolls and coffee, anthologies, small loans, etc. However, the main thing for Dek was that there was enough to honor the draft.

After the first printing of this work had come out I still found a letter from Multatuli in which he told about this incident; I will insert this letter here.

To Mevr. Douwes Dekker.

VIII.

Saturday 18 february (1865)

My dear Tine, I have not written you for quite a while. The two telegrams count for letters. You are aware of how I worried and even now I haven't recovered from the tension. I think that you too will be exhausted. I have suffered badly because of that draft, and it was as if the cards were stacked in order to make it quite difficult for me.

Imagine that the portraits promised the best result on the first couple of days. On the 4th and 5th of this month I would say that before the 18th we should sell at least 100. So I was satisfied and did not think of taking other means. But see, suddenly it stopped, (inexplicable) and there really were only few sold. Jacques, Truida, and after their departure Francis, did much by individual insistence. For instance they took one for grandmother, one for Albert, etc. Reaaly as a pretense to help out. But from

strangers, from readers of my Ideas, very few. It's a puzzle to me, exactly because they are enormously in demand. The calls at Meyer's never let up. Who can explain this?

Be this as it may, on the morning of the 16th I had only £90. Of time there was no more. I also had to take into account the mail slow down because of the freeze and was aware that the money had to be dispatched on the 16th. Since if it arrived on the 19th you would be subject to an hour at the babk. I had been troubled much lately. That waiting in vain for the mail in expectation of calls for portraits, had exhausted me. No longer did I ask: "Are there letters?" I was tired of that indifferent: no!

Well, on the morning of the 15th at 10 or 11 o'clock, I dressed. But I felt ill, since I knew not what to do. I realized perfectly how it would be if this draft was not honored. Then all would collapse on top of you. My loins still ache from the anxiety I went through in addition to other experiences. Among other things I was exhausted from anger against the public. When you read the demands at Meyer's for my writings, it seems that people are immensely taken in with me. Personally I receive various letters in which I am asked in what way I can be supported, etc. And now, when at last I had decided to do that, now that it was made easy for all to prove that they were sincere, now the help stayed away.

So in the morning of day before yesterday I didn't know what to do and walked downstairs. For days I had been unable to write. I was ill. Also from the cold, because I could not warm my room. (Just now it's beautiful Spring weather, my window is open.)

Arriving at Meyer's office I said I was going out for a while in order to try to find some one who could advance me £300 as I needed them absolutely.

Now I must tell you that Meyer very often had seen that I didn't have any money in my purse to get something to eat, or any little incident like it. Well now, imagine my amazement when he said:

"Those £300 I have anticipated. I expect them any moment, since I remembered that you would need them today, you know."

"Can I really count on it?" I asked.

"Certainly. You will have them tomorrow afternoon five o'clock." (The mail would leave at six thirty. So he knew exactly that I had to have it on the 16th in early afternoon. In the beginning of the month, when speaking about the portraits, if only i'll have fr.700 before the 15th.

And then I went out and wired you, but not immediately: soit tranquille.x suffered more through that affair than I ever did. For.... I felt immediately what it was! I never have received more expensive money and, still uncertain, I delayed sending you a telegram.

I'll explain this to you. Since 2 or 3 years I have a charge account with Meyer. He has advanced me money now and then -oh so little- and now begged for.... well, I'll make it short, I had to sell ownership of the Ideas, free labor, the bride on high etc., for $\frac{1}{4}$ or in reality even less than that of their present worth. Now, according to this purchase I still have some money coming. That I will soon get and

x) #20

then must look further.

Had the portraits gone well then I would not have been so bound. Now I am a little tired.... I must confess that the sal e of the Ideas ripped through me.

I have suffered terribly on account of it, and must take care of myself a little.

I go to Variety Shows every evening. My cough is much better.....

Once I get accustomed to the thought that the Ideas belong to some one else I'll become more cheerful. Perhaps it's infantile that I take it so to heart. A little luck with those portraits and I had, quite the other way around, offered to buy Meyer's share in order to be sole owner.

If later on I will and shall be able to buy it all back, he no doubt will ask f1000 for every hundred it cost him, as it is a gold mine.

(When Tine later fled from Brussels, the last day of March 1866 -this can be concluded from letter XI to J. de Geyter- Dek was in Germany, where lack of money and threat of imprisonment tied him down. He advised Tine to go to Amsterdam, as there he could at least get her a room.... his attic abode at Meyer's. And also meals on credit at his restauranteur Weyer's "De Oude Graaf."

It's from this sad time which Tine spent in Amsterdam that I find the letter to her that now follows.)

IX.

Frankfort, Wednesday, beginning April 1866.

My dear lovely Tine. You realize how I worry about our situation, and just as you to the best of your ability refer only slightly to the suffering and anxieties, neither will I indulge in a description

of all the misery. You have no conception of all the fatalities.

My dear lovely Tine, your letter, in spite of everything, is courageous. But I ascribe it more to your being overwrought than to basic reasoning. Just so, where there is no solid ground it's still grand that you keep yourself erect. We must. I cannot conceive how you might manage to care for yourself in Holland and I fear that you' re forming illusions. No doubt you lack a real concept of the wretchedness.

Together with your letter came one from d'Ablaing that angered me. He is a grafter. But ignore that and don't give him an inkling that I am telling you this. He duns me for the rent of that attic and says that he cannot continue giving you and our dear Nonni "unconditional hospitality" unless I start writing for his Omnibus! (a shoddy rag) then he would pay me like he did for the Ideas, that means a couple of guilders per article.. Now take it that this Omnibus isn't worth a farthing and through my association would gain status. Now if such a rag became an established newspaper thereby, it would grow into a matter of thousands (that I myself had planned to start,had it not been for the poor showing of the portrait offering.) His proposition is a real rip-off. He is well aware that my name alone would make of his rag an important article. His proposition of paying me thusly per sheet of print (once or twice a week 1/8 or 1/10 sheet) is an infamous speculation on our penure.

Besides you must know that the debt I owe him consists of three parts.

1° rent of that attic room.
2° two cups of coffee daily and three rolls.
3° the copies of the anthology which I partly used to boost the march of the portraits.

(Is it not already too bad that I must pay for my own work? Note that I've gotten nothing out of that anthology? But then, lawfully my scribbling belongs to him.)

Now, in spite of all that I acknowledge my debt (which still -apres tout- x cannot be very high because I've repeatedly settled) but I ask you how infamous it is of him to force me to write in his Omnibus! Realize this well. Besides paying for my articles it should be worth £10,000 to him, as the issue here is not about so much print, the question is whether I write or not for his paper. He himself said that a paper with my name immediately would have 1000 subscribers (I say more) and the ownership of such a paper he would acquire for £8 or £10 per week. If through my name many subscribers came in, the natural result would be that through its circulation many advertisers would use the paper and it's just the advertisements that bring in most of the money. In a word, a circulating newspaper is capital. No one knows this better than d'Ablaing himself. He always wanted to start a paper *together with me*. I never wanted to because I would not be able to work with him. He too would write in it and his scribbling is hard to swallow. But with any and all his propositions regarding that he was very well aware that my name would entice subscritions. He even went so far that on my objection how he would manage continually to pay for printing and paper and seal, he would reply:

"We are certain to get subs, say a thousand at the rate of £30 p. year, that would come to £7500 each quarter. Now any banker will

x) #21

loan one half on the checks for each quarter. Then we have at the start of each three months £3600 on hand to pay for the preceding quarter and £3600 as a new loan on the next."

I leave this as it may and also if one could maintain a daily paper costing much for printing, paper and seal, but the evidence is there that he counted highly on it that my name would bring subscribers.

Now, you being in penury it is apparent that he has totally forgotten that and proposes to let you have that little room, just so I write articles. At the same time he tells me as a real smous that the sale of my works is falling off. This in order to depreciate my wares. However, he acknowledges that articles from my hand would "promote" the sale of his Omnibus. Yes, I like to believe that.

So what to do now? Naturally I would do much to let you in possession of that little abode, but that would be of no help if he figures my contributions in accordance with the copy-price of a book à tant par feuille![x] A newspaper article does not take up much space.

Yesterday, after receiving the letter, I went to Wiesbaden, hoping I might send you £25. I then would ask you to move, but that too failed. And now I must not even make d'Ablaing feel how I look at his proposition, since that would land you in the street. Simulate as if you know nothing about it, at least till we are safe. I just wrote you all this, then when I know when we can go and inform you about it, then you'll know at the same time why you must leave d'Ablaing.

d'Ablaing's manner of action is infamous! First he robbed me of

[x] #22

my work for half it's worth (also in a moment of need) and now he tortures me with the threat that he cannot keep you and Nonnie. Half of his sales in the past few years came through and off me, and also what he sold in addition came for the greater part through the prominence he had gotten through me. Gut, if I wrote anything now it would probably under the influence of that, a curse on such dealing.

I have thought about 1° to let you go entirely to Weyer, as he has an inn too. You know that. 2° To ask for a roof for you with van der Valk (a fine, generous man) or at van den Bosch.

But there are always objections. Van der Valk has many children of his own and probably hasn't much room, although his heart is good To go to Weyer too is very onerous. For 4 or 5 days it would be all right, but for longer such an account becomes oppressive.

Show this letter to Siet, she would certainly grasp that infernal trick of d'Ablaing. Imagine, he says in his brilliant proposal that the payment for my articles in the Omnibus would go "primarily" to pay off my debt to him and "next to provide the costs of support of you and Nonnie". He also writes exactly as if you eat there: "support" "to continue supplying unconditional hospitality."

Whoso would read that letter it would seem to them as if you have entirely become a burden to him, while in reality it amounts to an attic room and a roll! Oh well, I've known him for years. Through penury he was able to keep me in tow.

In spite of it all I still have reasons to keep my opinion about him to myself. First deceived by van Lennep, an open split with d'Ablaing would be grain on the mill of all my enemies. So be

prudent. That I write everything in such detail is to make you realize how I'm up against it, and will not condemn me for my inability. While writing this letter I've got up at least twenty times in order to think of something concrete. 'Tis so difficult. If only I could set everything straight by my death, but in that too I see no improvement. Oh, our dear, lovely children! After all, indulging in sorrow does not help. And that good boy Edu.... ogod, the child cannot forever stay with strangers, can he? It breaks my heart. Mimi is doing the impossible. Everywhere I see courage and loyalty.... and feel that within too.... but all is just fruitless.

An idea. A few days ago I got a letter from de Geyter at Antwerp, full of sympathy from him and his friends. Also the booklet that I enclose with this, and about which I wrote you to ask for it at Claassen's, but I realize that you do not have it yet.

Now I shall write to de Geyter. He is aware of our position. Send him a bundle of the circulars of my portrait. About 50, under crossband per post or as a parcel per van Gent & Loos at the Dam. (In either case you'll need money. How you'll get it I don't know) Address it: Mr. J. de Geyter, 13 Walburgplein, Antwerp.

I have no high illusions about it, but it's still something, and then we'll see further.

Tell d'Ablaing (as casually as you can) that I'll answer him soon and ask him how much I owe him to date. And when you get the bill send it to me. I have a purpose in not writing to him directly, not wishing to let him know my opinion, and keep my reply to myself. In no way let him become aware of my mood.

(And in a following letter)

The entire morning I've been walking and thinking whether to send d'Ablaing something for that Omnibus, but really, it's impossible. In order to take care of you and Nonnie for now I would, of course, put everything aside, but truly, it's impossible. I cannot write under the impression of being so plundered. I shudder with anger about such grafting. I am curious to know how big is that debt about which he carries on with such ponderosity. It can't be much. Once in the fall I paid him in quick succession twice f60.- (that is f120). Since that time it has been room rent only at f12,(no rolls and coffee) so it can't be very high

(Tine had arrived in Amsterdam the First of
April. Her position there was very difficult.
Here follow a few letters which she wrote to
dr. J.van Vloten.)

I.

Amsterdam 15 May, 1866.

Dear Mr. van Vloten!

Knowing your sympathy and generosity I dare hope you will not take my forwardness ill. I wish to inform you that I have decided to do everything in my power to find an accomodation to go to the Indies with my two children. Till now I've received but very little help, but the idea that I should go to Java with my two children, has found acclaim.

Mr. Smith-Kruisinga (Heerengracht opposite the Warmoesgr.) told me if it was my sincere intention to go to Java, he had no doubts that people would contribute to make this possible for me.

I already have placed an advertisement in Handelsblad to travel with a family, but so far no return has come of it. Now ships lie ready to go to Soerabaya, I would like so much to go with one of those vessels.. I am convinced I can make it in the Indies. I have the advantage of being well acquainted there, the language is my own and I know quite well how to get along with the people there. I am prepared for everything. The past few days I've had to take many insults only in order to reach my goal I've quite concluded that we must save ourselves from this fatal position.

I am well aware that the task is difficult, but this does not discourage me, I will show that a woman taught by Multatuli has strength and willpower.

Now it's my earnest request, if you know people who have enough sympathy for me to support me with a small contribution in order to carry out my plan, either to send it to me, or to mr. d'Ablaing, Kalverstraat 246, who too wishes to assist. Then I would at once make work of it to get a small outfitting, since I have completely nothing, and try to secure passage. Forgive me dear mister van Vloten for approaching you in this manner, but I cannot help trying everything to carry out my plan, I shall be so deeply appreciative to you if you will take the trouble to do so. May I request you to offer my respectful greetings to Mrs. van Vloten.

With sincere respect I am,

Your servant,
E. H. Douwes Dekker,
Baronesse van Wynbergen.

II.

Amsterdam, 4 June, 1866.

Dear Mr. van Vloten.

Just now there is a very good accommodation to travel to Java with the ship "Christine", capt. Cameus, it is sleighted to depart the 28th June.

The messrs de Vries & Co (ship brokers) Buitenkant U 40 are very generously inclinedto determine the passage for me and my two children at f800. I would get two roomy huts in the large cabin, they are very polite. The gentlemen wish to have an answer by thursday evening, the f800 must be paid here.

My dear sir van Vloten please oblige me by inducing every friend to help me. I am certain of succeeding in the Indies. I want to help Dekker and for that I have the determination to do all that in any way can be done.

Be so kind to make me happy with a favorable reply. I've written to mr. van der Valk.

Mr. Raadt van Oldenbarnevelt too has promised help, mr. W. Kerkhoven and Smith Kruisinga too before all when it comes from you.

The messrs. de Vries were very friendly, I told them I had nothing, but that you and a few gentlemen were interested to help me, which induced them to put the price so low.

Forgive me for causing you so much trouble, but knowing my position you will not find me indiscreet.

With respect and appreciation,
Your obliging servant,
E. H. Douwes Dekker.

Dekker has written me that whatever I do is with his approval.
I'm also writing to mr. Kallenberg van den Bosch.

III

Amsterdam, 19 June 1866.

Dear mr. van Vloten.

I've waited till the last moment to ask your advice: the 22nd or 23rd June I must give word to the messrs. shipowners whether or not I go with the ship.

Now I must ask you if you think that your friendly efforts to get for me a yearly income here, will be successful, and if not, whether in that event there will be money to pay for the passage and a small outfitting, since I have literally nothing. Once I am aboard ship I have no doubt but that my fellow passengers will give me something for the immediate necessities in Java, and then I am certain to succeed. Mr. van den Bosch has promised me f150 if I go to Java, and mr. Hodz f50. For that purpose there are also a few other gentlemen here in Amsterdam who are prepared to contribute so I think I can now count on 300 florings, Once I am in Java then I can rely on it that eventually I have a steady income. Dekker would like very much that we'll be together again, and preferably at Coblentz, where it is not dear and the climate mild, and education is good, that looks very inviting to me, but one cannot ask for what one prefers, there must be action, things can no longer remain as is. 'Tis almost three months that Non and I eat and reside on credit. Oh, if you knew what it costs me to enter the restaurant at noon, and it must, but that too cannot last much longer. I also believe that the idea of soon being able to go to the Indies, keeps me going. Nothing will be more onerous for me than the present way of living. Dekker has not eaten cooked food for forteen days, mostly dry bread. I need not tell you that the need is great. Misery, living on

credit, not having decent clothing, that's terribly degrading. Yes, I would like very much to be with Dekker, with our children. I would not go along, but I would use my influence energetically, only for that too money is needed.

I would, in the event your plan is unsuccessful, be oh so sincerely thankful if I could take passage the 22nd June. You will see that then I would not have worries any more (of a financial nature). The money alone has to be there on the 28th June, but I must confer on the passage the 22nd or 23rd June. Mr. van der Bosch wrote me that he had received the first acceptance of £50 yearly, I am convinced that if people knew that I will go to Java, they will do more. I have suffered much these last days, there must come a change or I would not be able to stand it any more. So you will realize how deep my appreciation for you will be who with much difficulty will make it possible for me to put an end to the suffering.

Respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
E. H. Douwes Dekker.

IV.
Amsterdam 26 June, 1866.

Dear M. van Vloten.

I have had to forget my Indies' plans, but last night I received a pleasant surprise.

Mr. Omboni and Mrs. (Stephanie) Etzerodt have made it possible for me and Nonnie to go to Italy within a few days, but since Eduard no longer can stay with the family Koning, I would take him too, and for him I have no money for the fare, also I would like so much to buy a few clothes. Would you therefore be able to send me something, for instance

the 50 florins which Mr. Potgieter has made available for me? Oh, how much difficulty and trouble I cause you, do not take it ill, my dear mr. van Vloten and be convinced of my deep appreciation. I would like to send you the letter from Stephanie Omboni, but I fear that I take up too much of your time. She says: "Nous ne t'offrons pas ici un avenir brillant, ni meme le moyen de faire fortune. Nous ne t'offrons que simplement le moyen de sortir de la misere et de te gagner honnetement une vie paisible et pour Nonni une bonne education. Tu connais Omboni nous ne te faisons pas des promesses outrees mais nous nous reunissons pour te dire que nous croyons que tu seras heureuse ici et que c'est a tout coeur que nous t'offrons de t'assister de tout notre pouvoir." I am well aware that I shall miss Dekker for quite a while but I relieve him thereby from a certain measure of worry, and that too is helping. If I should receive a little money, then my voyage could start next sunday. I do not lose anything by going there as staying longer here it becomes more difficult. I fear so much being held for indiscreet, 'tis necessity that forces me.

Should I be fortunate enough, my dear mister van Vloten to receive favorable news from you, I would appreciate it very much. After my respectful greetings to Mrs. van Vloten, I am,

Respectfully,
Your obedient Servant,
E, H. Douwes Dekker.

V.

Amsterdam, 29 June 1866.

Dear mr. van Vloten.

Sincere thanks for the 50 florins you sent me. I am very thankful to mr. Kerkhoven, as his honor also has assisted me, now I have just enough for Eduard's trip. With much pleasure I have become acquainted with mr. Potgieter. H.Exc. was so sympathetic and congenial, my heart beat with joy when H.Exc. assured me that no doubt there would be means to place Eduard in a school or find a teacher for him. I should turn to Mr. Fischer at Genoa in the event I needed help.

I am a little reluctant. 3rd class is not very inviting, but aside from that I am confident and very thankful that I can take both of our children along.. First I wanted everything in good order, so that only now I'm writing to Dekker, no doubt it will strike him, but at the same time he will be glad to see a beginning made to get rid of the worst misery. I hope every one will comprehend. I have accepted everything with joy, not in order to separate from Dekker, but only to bring him relief when he shall see the care for us removed fromhim, he will regain himself and be able to work.

Would you be so kind not to mention to any one the assistance from Mr. and Mrs. Omboni, as sir Etzerodt who has strong convictions of his own, is not supposed to know about this.

I think I will start out sunday morning. May I once more thank you for all that you have done for us. I recommand myself further for your participation. Should you have to inform me of something before I can give you my new address, then be so kind my dear sir van Vloten, to write to me poste restante at Milan.

With all due respect,
Your obedient servant,
E. H. Douwes Dekker.

TO MR. C. BUSKEN HUET.

(Continuation of LetterVII, page [illegible])

Now my wife had to flee Brussels. For that reason, and really not because she had any illusions about Holland, where she has too many prosperous and fastidious family from whom to expect help, did she come to Amsterdam. 'tWas the only place where she could get a little room without incurring an hotel bill. But.... she was shy of clothes, and she still has none. I requested a restauranteur to supply her and our dear little girl with meals. That little room at my publisher's and that credit at the restaurant were all I could furnish her in Holland. But she was confident that people would take an interest in her: she wanted to become a housekeeper, she would try to return to the Indies (where life is simpler) she planned, she would.... never mind, all she requested me was to let her have her own way. And she kept up her decision for quite a while. A rich cousin visited her at last, she wrote, and.... was very friendly. But he did not return. I gnashed my teeth and waited! At last light seemed to dawn. Prof. van Vloten took an interest and would try to help me get a little leisure. How he would accomplish this, I do not know. My wife spoke of a yearly allowance (which I thought too much, I need no more than a little repose. As then I shall be able to work. It certainly would be bad if that were impossible.)

But till now I do not know whether Mr.van Vloten has succeeded in his favorable effort. This is certain that my wife all during the time she was in Holland, had no other clothes than the ones she wore, and was fed through the confidential goodwill of a restaurant keeper. Shall I be able to pay that man? I do not know.

What else she has undergone during that time beggars description. "Oh, Dek, my knees shake so when I enter that inn!" Still, it had to be, since the child too had to eat.

Now once more your question, what is my goal, what are my plans? Oh, I am seeking a little rest, a little loisir in order to get to work. I am worn with care. A complete story of my wandering would be a work in itself. Can you inform me if van Vloten's plan has a chance to succeed? Although I think that a yearly allowance is unnecessary. Then do so, if you please. To ask him myself? Oh, I am tired and then I must write him a letter like this, and that's twice. It's so grieving.

I hear from my wife that the feeling in Holland is so terribly against me. Well, they don't know what they do. But certainly there is no cheaper means of denial justice than blackmail and name calling.

I said that I thought the plan of prof. van Vloten, relative to a yearly stipend, is too big. Yes, of course. I need not to be alimented, all that's necessary is to keep me going. But when there is talk of yearly pay, why does the government not pay me a pension?

In accordance with rules and regulations I am not at all entitled to it. Before the expiration of the required years of service, I

obtained my discharge out of my own free will. But.... the unspeakable intrigues which I opposed were just as much against the regulations. Everywhere (in official government reports, and ministerial speeches too) it has been acknowledged that I am right.

> (In order to emphasize these latter words I wished, with the first issue of these works, in 1893 to include a missive that was written the 8th November 1864 by the Minister of Colonies, Fransen van de Putte to the, at that time Governor General of Netherl. Indies. I had knowledge of that letter; but in order not to damage the interests of the person who had furnished me a copy, I requested a copy from the Minister of Colonies for the purpose of making it public. This was denied me: "since the depeche indicated in the request is not supposed to be meant for publication."
>
> Later the identical letter was published in Indies' newspapaers, and also included by Mr. C. J. Hasselman in the Gids' numberof May 1910.
>
> So I am able to let the piece follow here.

Ministry
of
Colonies.
Lett.Aar
N°. 39/1351.

's Gravenhage, 8 November 1864.

According to a Cabinet-rescript of the 3rd inst. N° 58, the King has empowered the raising of the salaries of the regents in the residency Bantam, without bringing about a change in the personal additional remuneration of the present regent of Lebak, last in 1857, Adhipatti Karta Negara, all in accordance with Your Excellency's proposal, included in His missive of 4 May last, n° 401/6.

During the discussion of this action I have asked to be shown the decisions in which the indicated regent of Lebak is dealt with.

Before all my attention was drawn to the Indies' decision of December 1856 n° 17, concerning the accusations against this Indies'chief by the

> former assistent resident of Lebak, Douwes Dekker.
>
> The considerations which according to the then Governor General have led to a favorable decision for that regent, have seemed strange to me.
>
> As with that a differential seemed to be made between "extortions" and "so called extortions", which indeed are presented as "illegal actions" but still considered excusable because the native chiefs do not realize the illegality of them and nearly all regents in Java make themselves guilty of them.
>
> No doubt it will be superfluous to remind Your Excellency that such an indulgent judging is at the cost and to the detriment of the native population, is approved by me in no part at all.
>
> And I think I may trust that Your Excellency at a not hoped for repitition of a similar case, will allow himself to be led by other considerations.
>
> I request Your Excellency to give the order to carry out the necessary further demands of the aforesaid royal decision.
>
> The Minister of Colonies,
> FRANSEN VAN DE PUTTE.
>
> It's indeed regrettable that the writer of this letter, in accordance with the accompanying letter of mr. C. J. Hasselman, thusly "without hesitation takes the part of Max Havelaar against the Indies' administration" has given no evidence of it except the writing of this, later only unearthed from the archives, letter.
>
> In any event Multatuli has never been aware of any sign of his "support".)

Millions have been allowed for the budget (ni fallor 3/m X yearly for the improvement of the conditions which I attacked, would it not have been reasonable, legally or not, to think of me along with the proposed redress of the grievances? Oh, that camel and the gnat! To give me a pension would be illegal.... well then, call it something else, call it indemnity, acknowledgement of justice, even recognition.

But that's impossible, since that recognition does not exist.

x)#23

The entire purchase of the chiefs' vexation too is nothing but a new edition of the old anecdote: "'I give you so much more,' said a lord when talking to a new servant, 'provided you do not steal.'" "'I cannot do it for that,' "said the servant."

Well, the chiefs cannot do it for that.

But, granting its possibility, would they be willing? Reimbursement for not stealing, plus stealing itself, certainly is always to be preferred to reimbursement alone. And who will guard against it? Officials? That was always their duty, just as much, and they did not do it. Whoso now would begin to do it would be put under the ban as I was, and my starving example is by no means fitted to form moral heroes. At this writing I myself would blame no one if, having learned from my case, let god's water run over god's acre. . But I would do again what I did, even though I think it's crazy. It's not virtue, nor character, it's temparament, I believe.

From my wife, after her last letter from Holland, which I enclose, I have only a little note from Paris.She praises the children. "Eduard is already a support indeed," she writes, "he is full of care for me." But late letters I have not. I am afraid there's a delay in the mail due to the hostilities. 'Tis interesting to watch how the feelings have changed about King and Bismarck since the Austrians were defeated. Before that, people here (Rhineland) used to say: "the prussisns" as if they themselves belonged to Lapland,

now it's "we" . And Bismarck has become "a great man", through success. I have the satisfaction of having praised him these latter days. The tattling opposition sickens me. Grabow, Virchow, Twesten and tutti quanti. In general parliamentarianism is an abomination to me.

Well, once again my thanks. Will you soon let me know what you have learned about the efforts of mr. van Vloten? I greet you heartily and am,

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

To JULIUS DE GEYTER at Antwerp.

X.

Amsterdam 2 febr. 1865.

Esteemed Mister de Geyter! Thank you for your "Three People" and for the admirable inscription. Aye, for quite some time I've been unable to read. My eyes have just enough strength left for the essential correction of press-proves.... and not quite always that.

Yes, thusly arrived 93. And worse yet: the jacqueries. 93 was a struggle for "to be". There will come a struggle for "to have". Thusly the history of mankind is one bloody conjugation of the auxiliary verbs.

Oh, o..... isn't it a foolish pretention of me sending you my portrait? Well, I'm doing just that. No one forces you to hang it up or keep it. It goes today. A little elucidation: something is written under it. That legend has no other purpose than providing it with an authentication and guarantee against imitation. Otherwise my friends, "the Hollanders" would do so at once, and since it is distributed for a certain purpose (that is the soliciting of money to start a daily paper) this must be guarded. So do not seek any sense in the motto. I must sign hundreds, yes, perhaps thousands, and so cannot put meaning in each saying.

I greet you in friendship and recommend me in your memory.

Douwes Dekker.

XI.

Frankfort: 1 April 1866.

Dear Mr. de Geyter, Not before yesterday did I receive your friendly letter of 22 March, and that here in Frankfort, where I have been for

some time, because.... because.... yes why? Ask a whirling autumn leaf why the storm carried it there.... there or in that direction?

Years since, somewhat, months since, almost entirely, my actions resemble more the unconscious convulsions of a dying one than they do the self conscious, decided by choice movements of a well person.

I fear that the cruel onlookers in the Netherlands amphitheatre before long will be able to exclaim their long expected "habet!" I am getting weaker and weaker! Like Julianus' arrow, which he thought was directed at him by christ, life's trivialities strike me deeper and deeper, and I fear.... I fear!

Several times journeying to Brussels? Ah no! I haven't been there since 17 December 1864. And why not? As there live my wife and children. I cannot go there out of penury. Since that time I have seen my wife once and my youngest child, my dear Nonni. 'Twas on the occasion "the bride on high" was being played (putside my participation and almost against my will, you being aware that I disapprove of that part of my youthful activities.)

Well, "the bride on high" was to be staged, a young woman in Brussels wanted to see it and took my wife and children along. Through that hospitable incident I saw my little daughter in March 1865. But not again since.

But I did see my young Max! You see, at home in Brussels there soon would be no bread, and in order to give my wife relief, we had to agree to it that he could stay with a family in Amsterdam. That was to be temporarily, yes for a short time only since naturally in the long run we could not burden strangers with the care of our

child. But for several months since I haven't found it possible to take care of him in another way.

That I could not come to Brussels was because of the debts which my wife had been forced to make there. She had nothing and had to be grateful if people were willing to furnish her food, clothing and shelter on credit.For that she signed acceptances that grew over my head. I had to sign commitments over and over again in order to pay for the old ones. Spare me the relating of the painful history.

If, as a professional of the pen I could have worked steady, it would have been nothing. But I am no writer, maker of books. I have nothing in my heart but indignation, and that fills no sheets of print. 'Tis a short word, a curse over depraved Holland! Even had it been possible for me to deliver more writing, that would not have helped any way as its quality would have become so that people would not have thought my monotonous complaining "entertaining". This is even now the case. They would that the succumbing gladiator amuse them with a funeral hymn.

"I know that he'll speak at the cross
The children, to hear this, also go along."

Exactly! That's why the children go along, and therefore the parents buy the story of what the man on the cross has said.

But once more, one cannot fill sheets of print with eli sabachtani.

That's a dirge, that's insipid, unmanly, small, unchivalrous... isn't it? Listen, I had to reply thusly to your congenial letter, or rudely fail to reply. Coming, going, writing, replying or

keeping silent, blame me not. Once it happened to me that I irritated some one because after he paid me a visit, I did not reciprocate. But the man did not know, or feigned not to know that I didn't have a decent pair of shoes. In such an event one either has to pass for guilty or name the cause. Then one has to choose between apparent rudeness or unmanly complaint.

Should I now, instead of choosing the latter, pass with you as being rude? This as an excuse for my complaining.

Disseminate as much as you can your verdict about the difference between anti-catholics and protestants.... yes I believe that we can go beyond placing the protestants below the anti-catholics, they verily stand below the catholics. Catholicism is an error, protestantism is a pest. Many times have I indicated that. Never let the idea gain ground in Belgium that liberalism is one with protestantery. We must strive for truth for ourselves as well as our childreb. Good! And it's no good to choose between 2 x 2 = 5 and 2 x 2 = 3. But.... if a choice between untruths were feasible see, I would prefer to see my son a mass-servant or choir-boy a hundred times rather than protestant. Protestantism is not a doctrinal matter. To be a protestant in reality means: profitable respectability, stocks and bonds solidity, drystubble's wisdom. A protestant makes no offering, he mocks all offerings. He laughs at childlike error, and fertilizes himself with other error that stands higher on the Stock Exchange. And no matter how divided into various beliefs, still the protestants are one as soon as it concerns their real belief: profit. The unanimity with which they take the field against all who rise against their

golden calf, has over-shouted me, or no: shouting they do not. Only an ignorant pope would do that if he were assailed. The protestants are silent in public, they slander in secret, and smother the freethinker who perishes without honor. Oh, it's so bitter that they...

I cannot go on writing. Just now I receive word that my wife has quit Brussels. Today acceptances from butcher and landlord fell due. It could endure no longer! She is in Amsterdam and will there occupy the attic room in which I lived at my publisher's. Now I must think about what to do. How, I do not know yet. Time by which through regular work to accomplish something, there is not. And even if the need were not so great, I am in no shape to work. I know nothing, comprehend nothing. And how the prosperous Hollanders will think bad of me for not having paid those Brussels acceptances!

Adieu, friendly greetings. I shall have to think how my wife and child will get to eat tomorrow. That's why I close, and if you do not hear from me later, do remember then that something like that occupies me.

Greetings and thanks for your sympathy.

Douwes Dekker.

Meyer sent me your piece in Tydschrift. I thank you.

The tactic in Holland is never to name me. That saves denial.

The budget for 1867 will include 3½ million florins for increasing the incomes of Javanese chiefs, in order to make it a little less difficult for them to remain honest. The sum is small, but the

intention might be good. Well now, the intention is not good. The chiefs will rob and extort as before, and the overseeing officials shall, after my example, have less courage to oppose it. That f3½ million is a hypocritical purchse of the evident injustice.

Just as the freeing of the few slaves in the West Indies (only 30,000 heads). Contrary to that christian brave deed stands the fact that the State of the Netherlands in the East Indies makes slaves of all of its subjects, that is 40,000,000. Yes, worse: Slaves are entitled to eat. This the Javanese has not. By famines in his fertile land, the result of abuse and mal-government, he is left to perish.

As a little sample of the Dutch mentality can serve that just one fortune seeker, who in eleven or twelve years' time knew how to suck 3 million guilders out of the Javanese, has been appointed minister of colonies, yes, even head of the cabinet! Thusly the Netherlands have answered my Max Havelaar! It has openly taken the side of the most shameful injustice.

Is there not hypocrisy in the now stipulated f3½ million, when in the Indies, by such an appointment to minister, it is plainly seen that pious Netherland does not want to see crime punished? Is this not putting a premium on robbery?

That same minister once admitted to me that he knew nothing about these things. He had always been too busy making money, of course.

In the meantime myself and mine wander, seeking a roof!

Is it a wonder that one becomes bitter? And still I do not complain about that in itself. I sought no reward. My complaint is that this bitterness prevents me to work.

Farewell.

XII.

Frankfort 4 April '66.

Dear Sir de Geyter. My wife and little daughter can no longer stay at my publisher's. On the contrary, he insists on payment of a few months rent arrears of that room in the attic, which they have occupied. Naturally my wife asks for advice and help.

I have nothing and cannot even join her, since I cannot depart from here.

At wit's end I wrote her to mail you a few circulars about my portrait. Do with them what you can.

What this request costs me, I will pass up. Not making it and my wife and child will soon be out on the street. Wherefore: away with delicacy. Let it be said that I beg alms in Antwerp because Holland lets me starve. Will you put that in the papers?.... I shall neither take it ill, nor contradict it.

But if you do try, and succeed in part or in full, then send the money to her and not to the firm Meyer. And by check, if you please. A registered letter would miss its prupose.

The purpose: that my wife will be able to rent a room and buy a few clothes for herself and child. She left Brussels of course without a thing.

This letter costs me much, -but it must, it must! Let it make you realize that I put trust in your claims of sympathy...

Oh.... in Hollandtoo I enjoy so much sympathy....

Not enough, however, to save me and mine from starvation and, what is worse, from the shame of being poor in a country where money is god.

Friendly greetings.

Douwes Dekker.

(With these letters there are a number from Tine in which she expresses thanks for repeatedly received help, first in Amsterdam, after that in Italy, and in which she describes her condition.

TO MRS. DOUWES DEKKER VAN WYNBERGEN.

XIII.

Coblenz, 2 July.

Dearest brave Tine. Yes, father would certainly say that you are an Amazon! Well, well, how I did stare at your letter! There also was a little note from Siet, that said you had already departed. So by now already a long way off. Yes you have done well in not sending me money. I am already too afraid that you won't have enough, since Edu goes along and I think that you haven't figured the cost right. Edu will everywhere be considered an adult. I shall not be satisfied till I hear you have arrived. I don't get very well what you write about Edu in Genoa and Potgieter's help, but that will become clear later on. I'm glad that he has gone along (it couldn't have happened otherwise) in no way could he have stayed longer with K. I'm certainly curious about more details. Mostly how you stand with the plan (!!!) of Van Vloten.

Tine had written Dek that her friend mrs. Omboni had invited her to come to Italy with Nonnie, and had made it possible for her by sending her three hundred francs; that, however, she had not been willing to go without taking Eduard along, more so because mr. Potgieter had made her promises for Eduard's education in Italy. From Tine's letter Dekker concluded that her friend Stephanie had invited her to stay without stipulating time. Later it became evident to him, just as we now can know from the fragment of the letter that Tine copied for mr. van Vloten, that the purpose was to help Tine to earn her own living there. Also Dekker feared that Tine would be short of money for the fare of three

Is it not exceptionally lovely of Stephanie and Omboni. You will liven up in those surroundings, and for the children too it's good. I am quite curious about what you have in mind for Edu, and also if you had sufficient money for such a large voyage. Mimi is afraid that you won't have enough. We already figure in so far as we know, and according to that you would have already spent fr.180 to Lyon. Without counting fees or lodging. And from Lion it's still a long way. And no doubt you had some expense before your departure from Amsterdam. I'm really worried.

You realize how now before all I would like to join Garibaldi. But to get there. And in a kind of decent way! I follow the paper as much as I can. Up to now there hasn't been done much of any importance by him, and I fear.... Wait, I'll write in French, then you'll read it to them perhaps.

Je crains que Garibaldi et en même temps la grande cause de l'Italie ne soit sacrifié. Il y a des choses qu'on voit mieux de loin que de prés. Garibaldi a ete fait general, en l'a enrégimenté, en lui a mis sur les épaules le joug écrasant de la routine officielle, on lui a donné des instructions, absolument comme à d'autres qui mangèrent depuit vingt ans le pain des casernes... tout cela ne lui va pas, lui qui est simplement héros et homme de coeur. Un génie attele ne valut jamais rien. Je comprends parfaitement qu'il a accepté les conditions que la soit disant politique du cabinet Italien lui a psees sous peine de contre carrer ses projets et de déclarer traître de la patrie celuie que se permettrait de prendre Vénice et de chasser les Autrichiens sans

suivre les instructions de l'art. On aura dit: "de par le roi défense au génie de fair aucun miracle."
Pour Garibaldi la prise de Venise aurait été tout simplement le problème (si c'en est un) de la distance entre deux points. "Mais c'est la ligue druite!" aurait-il dit. Moi ici, Venise la bas....allons-y! Et de vaincre ou de mourir! Meme en succombant il aurait servi la cause de l'Italie. Le sang d'un héros comme lui est fecond! La jeu ne Itakie se serait senti aiguillonnée, et le cri: "un tombeau pour lui a Vénise, a Rome pour lui un mausolée" aurait ete le"Dieu le veut!" d'une terrible croisade!

Et maintenant? Hélas! Le grand homme bronchera a chaque instant sur le chemin inacoutumé qu'on lui a ouvert. Les misérables entraves d'une très scientifique, très academique (et très ridicule) stratégie le feront trébucher, et à l'heure qu'il est, Dieu sait combien de caporaux se seront apercu déja que le tant vanté héros ne connais pas le premier mot de l'ecole de peloton (l'a b c des soldats de parade.)

La simplicite du genie ne se fera jamais aux rigides exigences d'une d'une science pleine d'artifices, inventée pour remplacer le génie. Victor Emanuel, obeissant a une fatale pression exteerieure, je le sais bien, s'est vu obligé le mettre la tonnerre en bouteilles et d'en verser petit à petit une goutte à l'ennemi...tandis que Garibaldi libre aurait écrasé les adversaires soit en triomfant directement, soit en sacrifiant sa vie pour vivifer l'audace des siens

Pallavicini sous ses ordres? Je me'en crois rien. Je crois plûtot que Palavicini qui a fait ses tristes preuves le loyauté d'Aspromonte lui a été donné comme étouffoir.... votre même comme espion. Ne se pourrait-il pas que le héros se sentit pris d'un de ces coups de tête

prennent des royaumes? Et ne faut-il pas que ces choses soient faites selon les regles d'art? Ne faut*il pas qu'il y est un peu de Lamarmora, et un oeu de prince.... un tel, ou un peu du ministre un tel,dans les affaires d'éclat? Quelle honte pour les budgets de la guerre passés, présents et à venir, si un héros fit les choses mieux que les généraux qui depuis tant d'années ont été payés pour les faire.

Rien n'y fait les heros ne reculent pas, et que les generaux reculent (voir le Hanovre, le Saxe, la Hesse et toutes les campagnes. Partout il y a 20 ou 50 generaux qui reculent ou qui se rendent contre un qui se fait tuer.) Cela n'y fait rien, pourvu que les dignités officielles se portent bien! Perisse, plutot la grande cause de l'Italie, que ne voir encore les grandeurs incomrpises de l'état major devancées par cet intru! On lui fera payer cher la prise de Naples, et sa gloire et son genie, et sa simplicite, et son ignorance.... Je maintiens qu'on le sacrifie. J'espere que bientot une balle autrichienne compatisante le sauvera du degoutant mepris des petites gens qui s'appercevront bientot que l'idole d'un jour, n'a valait plus rien depuis que les tristes exigences de la politique l'avaient garotté.

Le monde est comme les enfants qui aiment a voir voler les oiseaux, mais qui les mettent en cage.... ah, comme c'set triste!

XIV.

Friday morning.

My dear Tine.. You certainly are brave. I have your letter of Tuesday, from Paris. Well, I must tell you that I was quite worried (and still am) about your money. I realized that you still had had

some expenses in Amsterdam, and even without that, the fact that Edu went along would have passed your estimate. I am anxiously curious to know how you made out. I know, of course, that fast through travel is very tiresome, but on the contrary stands the cost of stopping. Tuesday you were in Paris. Now I cannot get where you were Sunday evening. In Brussels? I do not think so because of Willeme. I had thought that you would go straight through to Paris sunday. Now you thought that you would arrive thursday. So that's four times lodging. I fear so much that you miscalculated. As you had so little money I won't be satisfied till you are there.

In regard to moving to Italy, the affair, considered in its entire, could not be improved upon. Holland was a hell for you. But you did not go there out of choice. I cannot tell you how I think about each one of you. Oh, Edu and Non in Italy! And that he was so attentive to you on the journey, that good boy. The matter as a whole is splendid, and I can't thank Stephanie enough. Of Omboni too it's more than lovely. Such a thing none of my Netherlands' admirers and your entire family have done.

I am very curious for later word. Mostly about Edu's going along. Potgieter? Genoa? Well, that will all become clear so long as you are aware that I know nothing but those few lines in your last letter from Holland.

As for me.... I am marking time! Just as of old. For four days the need ran high. I wrote to Huet. He sent me £25 at once, so that now I can at least eat.(Comical! I'm no longer used to eat warm meals and

in the evening have a desire for cold salted meat and bread.) At the same time I asked Huet (since you mentioned him earlier in connection with the plans of van Vloten) how that matter was faring. I did so mostly because you, in your letter, spoke about Potgieter, and I know that Huet and Potgieter are friends. But I didn't get much wiser from his answer. I asked him whether something might come from van Vloten's efforts since it depended on it that I could get back to work again. I told him that you had mentioned Potgieter to me, being that he was involved in the help for Edu. Now that seems to be so as he answers.

"I am really, although not directly and indeed, one of those who has made the departure of Mrs. D. for Italy easier."

That, of course, refers to the inclusion of Edu. But instead of replying to my question how things stood with the plan of van Vloten, he answers with a counter question:

"But with that your condition is not improved improved for the moment. So be so kind to tell me what should have to be done in order to reach the goal to which you refer to for yourselves?"

Well, that's strange. He knows that I have no money, which was quite apparent since in the same letter he included f25 so I could eat. Thus what does the sober question: what does have to be done? mean. First, for months on end giving hope and declaring that work is going on, and then not to know what has to be done. Would van Vloten too not know that? What good would it do if I said I want to go to Italy; I want to go to America or the Indies or too: I want to write! when I have neither rest nor opportunity to do so?

Precisely said what I should have need of, were a little respite, being without wearying care.

And I confess that Stephanie's liberality has added a greater chance toward it than ever, since I was so terribly oppressed by the idea that and as you were in Holland.

Did you contemplate going via Basil? Good that you didn't. Unless you could have traveled over night, when it would have been better since it's less fatiguing. But if not then you would have had too many hotel-nights, that would have made the boat's cheapness very dear. Besides, you would have been limited to Dutch vessels since prussian ones could travël no higher than Coblenz, due to the war. Nearby Mainz is hostile. The prussians took the wine from the cellars of the duke of Nassau, but did not touch wine worth thousands since it was private property. Isn't that remarkable in time of war? I'm getting respect for Prussia. Still I must tell you that the Austrians would not have lost if I had been minister of war these many years. It hurts me to sit here idle when constantly I see that some things I've grasped very well are now acknowledged after such enormous destruction. But hats off for the way the Prussian state is instituted! That is brilliance. One should see those military, the speed and decisive action! Just now I believe that France would have a very hard fight on its hands. If the king of Prussian would be young and energetic, he would have a chance to make himself emperor of Germany, not in name only as did former emperors, but effectively. But the king is almost 70, and his powerful, robust minister Bismarck very likely has less difficulty with Austria than with that old christian lord. Be this as it may, world history promises to be

interesting. The France that till now was considered to be anti-Austria, or should have been, will have to begin fearing that Prussia gains too much glory: jalousie de merier, and so it may easily happen that Italy gets Venice without a battle, given away only because Austria will need all its might in the North.

I have no exact notion of what time it is. Probably one o'clock Friday, and I fear that the mail went past. Imagine, I've lost my watch in a regretful manner. We had taken a walk in the mountains. It was very hot and we took a rest at the wayside.*

('Twas the road across the mountains from Ehrenbreitstein to Ems.)

It being a lonely region I took off my coat and vest (to dry) and hung my watch on a shrub. As we started up I forgot it. I first noticed it at a village quite a distace from that spot and walked back, but it was gone. So often I had been glad that it was only a brass one and so could not be sold in case of need. Now it's gone just the same, and it ran so good and gave me so much pleasure.

I think the mail is past. You can realize how I long. Will you give me a good account of your travels? Oh, I'm so pleased that Edu is so brave. And he did the paying? Well, no doubt, he handled that all right, he who refused to let me buy cherries.

(July 9th Mr. Huet had written to Multatuli and as an answer to his question what Mr. van Vloten had done for him he had enclosed the following circular.

M.

The undersigned, deeply moved by the grievous

condition in which for a long time, through a combination of well known circumstances, the family of one of our most gifted and deserving fellow citizens: E. Douwes Dekker (Multatuli) find themselves, did not think ourselves to be entitled to hesitate turning to their fellow citizens, whose combined assistance will make it comparatively easy to bring about relief and improvement. We did not hesitate because we considered it only as the dutyfull call of all financially more benefitted Netherlanders to relieve the need of Dekker's family, where he himself is neither capable nor in a position so to do. They, the undersigned, do hope that the time may come -and as soon as possible- when the administration of the Dutch colonies -along some other, easily defined way, will be able to find the means to award the man who first and most emphatically opened the eyes to Indies' oppression and grievances, as a compensation and to provide in the needs of his own, in the manner of advance pay or pension, a yearly income; but the time being not yet there, the undersigned consider it the just, moral duty of Holland's more prosperous burghers, to meet this need as well as they can, and safeguard Dekker's wife and children from penury and secure them a decent living and upbringing. Their husband and father, the reverse side of whose self denying nature it is to be an incapable financial man, whose call, rather ~~than~~ on any other terrain than lies in a practical financial way, is incapable of it. Wherefore the undersigned would wish to be put in a position, by a sufficient number of personal contributions of from twenty five to one hundred guilders yearly*, to a total of two thousand Dutch guilders. to take care of his family in a proper manner and locate them in some city or town where living costs are not high and school education is good. One of the contributors, living nearest, would be more definitely in control of the money, look after the purchase of what's most needed and turn over a weekly stipend for the daily needs of the mother of the family. May the undersigned's confident call upon the not more than reasonable participation in the lot of Dekker and his family among his thankful fellow citizens not be in vain, and may definitively your filling in of

above declaration, preferably as soon as possible to be expected, convince them by papatable experience of your personal experience.

Meanwhile remaining respectfully,

Your Obedient Servants,
J. van Vloten. (Deventer).
R. J. A. Kallenberg van den Bosch
(Villa Laanzigt, near Breda)
T. C. F. van der Valk (Delft).
C. Busken Huet (Bloemendaal.)

*) It stands to reason that lesser amounts too thankfully will be accepted; the intention was to establish a general measure.

XV.

Thursday 12 July.

Dear Eef. Imagine, still no letter from Milan. For pete's sake write at once and if you have written one or more letters from Milan, then repeat all that's in them. I need to know how matters stood with van Vloten etc. The circular sent me by Huet is of a nature that I must know everything. Were you acquainted with that circular? Write all to me. What hope was given you, what the conditions were (did they demand from you that you would not send me anything? and what now is the result at last? What will there be in Genoa? I want to know all. Why, as Huet writes me, is your departure for Italy now the cause that the matter is discontinued?

That you would follow your own mind in Holland we had agreed upon and well. But just the same you might have written me how matters stood and what was going on.

Write me. I must know how things stand. The main impression

that I got of the matter isthat I must be shut out. Over all of it lies a cloud as if I would spend the money that was destined for you and the children, yes, as if I would rob you of it.

For pete's sake I worried so much that you wouldn't have enough for the journey as I calculated that the fr.300 from Stephanie were not enough. I did not know that you had more, and now I stand vis-a-vis Huet in the position that you decieved me to avert that I might want the money that was due you.

I am very upset! Greet and kiss the dear children and for pete's sake let me hear something from you.

That I wrote to Huet was due to great need, to hunger. Well then, I told him in that letter that you had gone to Italy with fr.300. So I showed him that I was not aware of more, writing that I was so worried about you not having enough. What is the upshot from it since it has become evident that you had kept things from me. That otherwise I would have demanded that money from you. So there I am! Gad, how bitter. Once for all I am branded as if I keep you and the children short in order to have something for myself. But even earlier you seemed to have let that idea take root. As it lies in the circular too. I am ignored.

XVI.

Coblenz, 24 July 1866.

Dear Tine. On the 21st I received your letter mailed the 17th. I am quite happy with it.

For quite some time I have worried and suffered terribly. That you too had a terrible time in Holland I am quite well aware of

but I am convinced that your stay there has done me great harm. You were seen in penury, and now it was said that I lived in luxury and left you to starve. But that's not your fault. Besides you did not go to Holland in order to stay there, but because you had to leave Brussels and Holland was the only place where temporarily I could get you a little room and where I was tel quel acquainted with a restaurnateur. How otherwise would you have gotten a place to stay and something to eat (no miserable all of it was)? Well, Weyer's generosity was lovely, but about d'Ablaing the least said the best. He has bruted it about that he has provided board first to me and later to you and Nonnie, and yet he wrote me the second day that he could not "board" you and Non. That miscreant has done us great harm. Imagine when Siet came to get our remaining belongings, he refused to surrender them and told her he would sell the portraits. So be it.*

> *)That he did. He displayed them in front of his store, sold them and considered them his prorperty. Later, in 1871, when Dek made contact with Mr. G. L. Funke, he requested the latter to inquire at Meyer's about the portraits. Mr. Funke then bought the remainder.)

No matter how it all happened, I am glad that you are out of Holland. You must never go there again, except ultra rich.

Still there are good people you say, and ask me not to assail those gentlemen of the circular. Well, I've said nothing about it, but till now I maintain that the infamous piece has given me the death blow. In it I was entirely divorced from you and our children, which grieves me terribly. And that presentation as if I would take the money from you

so that there should and must be taken care that I should not lay my hand on it, it terrible. The real and only manner of help should have been and still is that I get to work. Now what have they really accomplished those people who said they would interest themselves for you? That you have been able to go to Italy has been the work of Stephanie and now Huet is so bold as to write me that the plan of the circular has failed because of your departure. That's a lie. You left from penury after they had left you sit in misery, and now to say that your departure is to blame for its failure! Don't you still see that all is a pretext to do nothing or little and thereby acquire the title of generous protectors? And something else yet. They could know that on such a circular no money would come in. I too would not help in such a case. All help should have come out of sympathy for me, shouldn't it? Am I not the main actor in the tragedy? They certainly would not ask £2000 yearly for the wife and children of some one else? Well now, why would people help when I am presented in a manner that kills all sympathy? After such a piece people were quite right in not helping. If a man and father neglects his family then it certainly cannot be expected from strangers that they jump into the breach exactly for the same man who shows through that matter that he earns so little sympathy. And, once more, the entire matter was built on sympathy for me.

In my correspondence with Huet (about other things, soon to follow) I have not said a word about the circular. It's too bitter for me, and mostly because you were aware of it. That sets the seal on it

for those gentlemen. If, at reading the piece, you had flared up and said that you would not be helped at such a price, then you would have been helped, but when through acquiescence on your part they had the proof to the sum that I am such a bad man, all sympathy fell away. The result proves the truth of my judgment. That you sacrificed me for the sake of the children was good, but you have sacrificed me in order not to save the children. That has become evident, I think.

Tine, much would have happened differently if you had throughout taken the trouble to write me what occurred. That secrecy has done us harm. Now, at this moment, I am still not aware of what you have received, and what you have been promised. What is that f100 from Kerkhoven and f100 from van den Bosch? Is that yearly for Eduard? Is it asking too much that I know something of what's going on? I was worried that you would run short, and already saw you stand somewhere with the children in great dismay. I calculated that fr. 300 was not enough. My anxiety became evident to Huet. So that he also learned that I was unaware of other money than the fr.300 from Stephanie. Thusly: that you kept something from me, and that it no doubt was true that I kept you and the children short, if I compel you to keep me informed of what you received for the children. And when along with it all how I suffered under your penury at Brussels, under your anxiety about drafts, how happy I was when I was able to send you something, then you'll agree that it's bitter so to be looked upon. And... if something had been accomplished... but just the other

way around! By undermining the sympathy for me, you undermined everything. You and the children should have been helped for my sake, not against me. This latter never could be, it lacked a cause.

And I would not have asked you for it, that money, although I was hungry. I've had to steal broad beans from the field, but not about that did I worry, but about the question if you had enough money for the voyage. Since 2½ months I've not had cooked food except 3 times, sometimes bread and meat, sometimes just bread. So that I am exhausted, and when I think therewith how you have allowed me being abused lately, then my feeling is very bitter.

Soit! At a moment that I literally thought I would succumb to penury I wrote to Huet. I didn't know to whom else to turn. You had named many, but always with a kind of reticence. But I had no choice. I had to know something and besides get to eat. When you left for Italy I had literally nothing. During three days I had a great deal of difficulty to get the 8 groschen together for your letter! Anyhow Huet sent me f25 and on that I live pitifully with another f25 which I got later as a down payment for writing news-items in the Haarlem courant. I'll try to keep alive on that. I'll try to use that life in order to do other work, more profitable and I have no doubt but I can.

But I have to call attention (since you remark so casually that now I shall be able to work) that labor of spirit and imagination is not so very simple after suffering the way I have suffered. I

am exhausted and have more need of being nursed than of a reminder to go to work. But I have hope. If I can maintain the relation with the Haarlemmer (which is not certain, my first dispatches were no good, I had given theses and contemplations. They want dry, hard facts and can do without my reasonings... but I'll do my best!) well, if I can maintain that relation, then there'll be gained much, and try I shall.

Send me (you might have some, I know nothing of your receipts and expenditures!) no money. How usefully I would be spent in order to get to work, after all that has happened I've become shy. I'll try my best to stay alive and if I succeed I'll work as much as I can, or come myself. Greetings to Omboni and Stephanie, and kiss our fine youngsters!

XVII.

Coblenz, 30 July.

Dearest Fine. I have your letter of last monday. It's a real treat but you must realize how it hurts me that you have to take courses for employment! Ogod, that is so bitter for me. That then is the result of that holland help that you will have to become a ladies' companion in Italy!

And it would not be necessary if only I wasn't tied down. My situation is very difficult. Worrying about eating or not eating is exhausting. And whom shall I ask for help? After that circular all my contacts are

cut off.

Now by god I'm writing dispatches for the haarlemmer courant but I myself do not know how that can go on. At the start I put myself to work with fervor and every day wrote long pieces to the best of my ability. But instead of being satisfied about having so exerted myself, Huet asked me to be sure to send in no more than one or at the most twice a week a small item, no observations. It's only supposed to be, for instance: the harvest promises to be good. Mr. ***, ambassador from ***, has arrived at Frankfurt. The cholera is prevalent at ***. Etcetera! More cruel sarcasm fate could not bestow upon me than it does now when in order to keep alive I am requested to keep my ideas to myself. All right. I give what they have asked for. If only I could live off it!

When you wrote me about planning to go to Italy I was very glad about it as indeed I hoped to be able to make some progress, but after that piece I can turn nowhere. You should have received thousands on that circular in order to offset the harm that this piece causes me. Instead of that you have to travel third class, and now in employment! Acknowledge that they have deceived you, and that you have sacrificed me, and therefore us, for nothing. Gad, you could have done so much good by sturdily clinging to me. I must be assisted, I, and through that you and our children. Mimi does all she can. Her contentment is really to be admired. In addition to my bitterness she bears our circumstances with great courage, and it is a wonder how she keeps it up. So long as it is

impossible for her now to do something else translates pieces from German and tries to get them placed in holl. newspapers or periodicals.

Concerning my displeasure at *** , she did nothing but revile Mimi, and that more from hate, dislike or jealousy than interest in me. I know that Mimi supports me with great loyalty and inconceivable steadfastness, and does everything possible to make herself useful, either to remain with me or to go away. The proposition whether Mimi is a burden to me is ridiculous. The question is who is more of a burden, I to her or she to me. Whoso observes her deprivations must be touched by the acquiescence with which she bears everything. She prefers nothing over sticking out her hands, but till now it has been impossible. That makes reviling useless, boring and painful. Besides *** had expressed herself improperly about me spending so much money. Yes, and then the even unto boring repeated assurance that in accordance with everybody's opinion I have such a mean, bad character. I really wished that "everybody" was right. Then I might have something to eat and money for a new pair of long underwear.

It's a terrible thought for me to see you accept employment. What of the children! Nonni separated from you a half day and Edu entirely. And I quite removed from the family. Now I question what the move to Italy has benefitted us? Did you have to acquiesce into it to have me branded so in that circular? I am bitterly sorry that I have thusly allowed you to go. But how could I think that you would stand for something like that?

TO MISTER C. BUSKEN HUET.

XVIII.

Coblenz 15 July 1866.

Dear Mr. Huet! I have been a little unwell (il y a de quoi; I was in a bitter mood... but soit) and that's why I did not sooner reply to your letter of the 9th. Through a variety of causes I was quite worried about my wife and children. Now I just got a letter, they are well and my wife hopes for much that is good.

Now I'm writing you in reply to your kind proposition that I would like very much.... no, that's not it, not very much but not entirely dislike either, for me to send stories from the Rhine, to wit to this haarlemmer. But be so good to send me a little in advance in order to buy myself a little loisir. Yes, if the paper's Directors make bold to do so, send me the entire £50. I'll certainly won't be over supplied for buying a few days' respite, and good paper, and shoes, an entry to the coffee shop, the coblenzer forum, where the public affair is debated. Till just now I was very much dejected. My wife's letter cheered me up and I shall be able to deliver, but get me moving. It's needed. With this mail the Haarlemmer Direction will get the first package tomorrow. I'll make it to the best of my ability.

Friendly greetings,
t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

XIX.

Coblenz, 22 July 1866.

Dear Mr. Huet! Thank you for the £25. That I sent you so much scribbling is due to the unlucky zèle which Talleyrand hated so.

I shall try to earn the £50 a month. 'Tis enormous for the quality demanded. But it will be very difficult for me to gather objective news, as I speak to no one and come nowhere where something happens or is talked about. Still, I'll try. 'Tis a must. And what it brings me I shall use to remain alive preparing for other work. But that was also my plan when I sent you the soup which you have received. Good heavens, I sent you five letters and the sixth one lay ready. I feel sorry for you having had to put your eyes to the test to excerpt it, and also regret the difficulty you gave yourself to put in a request for me. I was unable to imagine what your problem is. And it's certainly not as it should be.

If you please count the five letters received as cancelled and address them to the book publisher van Helden, Heiligenweg, Amsterdam. I owe him copy and want to ask him if such writing can fill the bill. I do hope so, since I am too exhausted for something better. That I still delivered that trash was a pure juggler's trick.

After friendly greetings,

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

I hope to send yet another kind of letters from the Rhine today,

dry as oatmeal. If you do not react to that I'll take it for granted that it's useful, and continue.

XX.

Coblenz, 9 August 1866.

Dear Mr. Huet. Thank you for your friendly warning, that can be called all or not unexpected as one will. I myself do not grasp that one could pay anything, (even less than £50) for such trash. But at the same time I was diligent in precisely to do what you asked me to do in preceding letters, and so it's still strange that people are not satisfied with what is delivered in accorance with orders. My first scribbling I thought miserable. But it was a desire to supplement what was lacking in news. Truly, no 50 florins in news can be gathered at the Rhine. Even if I could go out, even if I had contacts, even if I visited circles where things were discussed, even then I would not see a chance to get £3 worth of news together. So I had to use fantasy, embroidery... in order to deliver value for the money.

Now even if it comes to pass that the Haarlemmer shows me the door, then be so kind to send me a few numbers to enlighten me on how they really wanted to have things. My position is very precarious and I would like to have the satisfaction that to the last i've done everything to keep erect. The question is this: given little or no objective news; given prohibition to add something of my own..... how then were I to manage in order to earn the £50 a month?

Writing for the Gids? I am exhausted. Really, if I were able to write for the Gids, then my position would be such that I would not have to write for the Gids. Politics or literary reviews. Ah, it's so bitter for me.... out of where would I get the building material for such pieces? I congratulate you with your lack of knowledge concerning penury! Literature.... I don't have a book, periodical, nothing. Politics.... I have to make the maid a great many compliments to induce her to borrow a few trashy coblenzer daily papers for me. And it isn't always successful! No, you don't know what penury is

Work for the Gids! If I could do that.... then I would for certain be able to do more than that. I had need of a little rest, nursing. Not a thought matures during the continuous search for a means to keep alive. I suffer penury, and that is since long the case, although never so bad as lately. Work! I do like it so much.... but it won't go with hunger. And something else is essential to a little peace of mind, a little hope for tomorrow's security, for security the day after tomorrow, the week, the month ahead. What work could I begin at the very painful thought: shall I be able to see the week through?

When my wife wrote me about attempts being made to help us,I thought that people would try to get me a little freedom from daily anxiety for what's most needed. Then I would have been able to work. I longed so for it! Instead of that comes this circular.... in which I was presented.... enough of that. I can't begin about that without saying

more than I want to, and to speak otherwise than I will. I vomited as I read it, and I still tremble as I think of it.

Oh, van Vloten!

And now I had hopes to live tel quel from the £50 of the Haarlemmer and as soon as I could get to work with a little hope for progress, on a chance to take care of my family, who now in Italy....

Ah, enough of it all. I am weak and exhausted. You have done what you could and so my complaints are not aimed at you. I thank you for your good intentions. But what's the reason that I have so much difficulty to make myself clear. Your friendly intended proposal now for instance to get me some help through persons about whom you are complaining (and so with whom I would not like to come in contact) shows clearly that you do not precisely literally believe what I wrote you. Is that a result of the lies that go around? Is there once for all tare or rebate deducted from what one hears? It must lie in something like that. How would it be possible for me to write about literature or politics, for which after all are required some loisir of mood, books and newspapers, if I had not lied in my assurances that I was so poor! I wrote you that I was in penury. That was the simple truth. Would I ever have called for your help if I had not needed it so badly? Really, any one who can read newspapers, receives books that keep him informed of politics and literature is not poor enough to call in the help of some one who himself is not rich. When I tell you that I have

nothing, it is so. Since..... I do not know how many days, I have no petroleum, no cooked food, yes not always even bread. This is the literal truth. Ah, the invitation to work sounds so bitter in such a situation. This is the curse that prevents me to work. That's just it.

Now I've finished another little news bulletin, not knowing whether to send it. 'Tis all that I could gather, and no matter how insignificant, I do not believe that more news could be gathered from the Rhine. It would have meant so much if I could have kep those f50. I had hopes to get to work through it. Is it even now possible for you to get me on the way?

All that remains me now is to thank you kindly for your congenial efforts, and to ask you if I can wait a little with the return of the advanced f25. If I receive that amount from the Haarlemmer, or from elsewhere, which I do not expect, however, then I'll need it very much to eat. Yes, it is the question if I can hold out that long.

Very heartily greetings to you and your wife,

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

XXI.

Coblenz, 15 August, 1866.

Dear mr. Huet: I have thought about your kind proposal for a few days. I am, of course, touched by your sympathy, but.... it's impossible. It would burden you and be detrimental, without helping me, mostly because afterwards I still would not know what to start. I see no possibility to so work in a short while (and as I feel now not even in a long while)

out of my own difficulties and care for my family as well. Living in with you would oppress me, as even now already the help you gave me has become a burden. I thank you sincerely but really should not write you anymore about my circumstances in order to prevent a repeat on your part. That then, I shall hold to.

As an additional, although no main reason, that I do not accept your offer is, too, that in no instance would I be able to write for De Gids. I know that those men are quite anti-pathetic to me. That was evident from the rather blunt refusal of some writing which my publisher had sent them as an announcement.

And there are more reasons. I am bound to van Helden due to an advance. When I shall be able to deliver, it will belong to him.*

I made a deal with him recently that he would give me an increase of f10 over and above of I do not know how much per sheet. This with the f50 from the Haarlemmer I intended to use for staying alive. Then, as soon as I would have cleared my obligations with van Helden, I would have gained a little freedom and take care of the needs in Italy. Now, with the expected quitting of the messrs. Enschede, that perspective is destroyed, since by writing for van Helden only I cannot keep myself alive. Never mind! Naturally, I am pondering on what to do next and as soon as I see a little light in my circumstances, I shall inform you of it, be it then as a little token of my appreciation of your well meant help. Also give my thanks to your wife who, of course, shares your friendship.

It would not have been a minor thing to give me lodging in your

house. Oh, I would have thought it so pleasant, if I had needed it less.

In the meantime accept my friendly greetings and believe that I appreciate deeply your lovely action. And would you also tell your wife? The letters I get from Italy thus far are good, but my wife does not have it easy.

Yours,
Douwes Dekker.

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*) On the same day in the winter of 1865-66 that Multatuli was sentneced in absentia to two months imprisonment, I met him at Cologne. I had a little money with me and he had a plan to turn it ten- yes a hundred-fold that would take care of all his obligations.

Since it has been demonstrated in Multimillion Studies that whoso plays must lose, and that also before that it was evident: everybody knows that playing is foolishness. But I hoped that Multatuli had found the unknown (wasn't that to be expected of a genius?) and I listened with the greatest attention when he explained his system to me.

Look, he said, you know the equality of the chances, don't you? Red or black, succeeding or non-succeeding, by playing on even or odd series, always the chances stand as equals opposite each other. The contrary would be impossible. If one chance would rule in the long run the game would no longer be a game and the banks could not exist. Assume you play the colors, then you can be certain that red and black appear on equal turns. The deviation may be larger or smaller, last shorter or longer, at last, and often very soon -again in accordance with established laws!- they overtake each other. The sum of their differences time and time again is equal. And exactly on that all calculations are founded, and also the way of playing that must lead to our goal. If you play on a chance in a geometric series: 1, 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, 64 etc, then it's true that with each winning turn you eliminate the preceding losing ones,plus one gain, but with the 13th turn you pass the bank's maximum, and how often are there series of 20, 24, and even longer? And even if we had enough money for this method, then it still would be impractical to apply it, since the

bank's maximum prevents you from continuing. The arithmetical series too of going up one with each loss, going down one with each win, is not befitting for us, nor really for any one else. Since even if we would not, as with the geometric series break with a series of 13 losers, we would run a chance of a much larger deviation and while playing get behind with series of from one to 40 or 60.

By both these ways of playing we would, if we could maintain this method, gain a half stake per turn. (Concerning this viz: Multimillion Studies, Chapter Systems.) It's self evident that we would be content with much smaller winnings if on the contray we were armed against the deviations from equality that cannot stay away. That's the reason I've thought about something else.

You choose a chance on which you wish to play, no matter which and wager on it one stake, the unit being a louis, a 5 fr. piece, whatever you wish, just one stake. That you do till you have lost 3 times. In the meantime you have probably won too, good, that's your gain, but you continue playing till you have lost a stake three times. As soon as this is the case you say: wait, those 3 lost stakes I want to regain by two winning stakes, each turn by 2 stakes. So you wager 2 and that so long till you have won two turns, or lost 4 times 2.

Have you won 2 times 2 then you consider them for the 3 stakes you lost and start all over again.

But if, on the contrary your losses go to 4 times 2 then you stop playing 2. First eliminate the 4 lost twos by winning three threes. Etc. The goal is:

to eliminate each lost group of 3 songle stakes by 2 twos.
" " " " " " 4 double " " 3 threes.
" " " " " " 5 triple " " 4 fours.
" " " " " " 6 quadr. " " 5 fives.

etc. etc. In this way you gain a unit on each group and in the end you must win as you overtake each group with one turn less than the number of turns of the losing equalized groups. Have you won five quintentes, then you play fours. Do you lose six quartets then it's the turn of the quintets again, but if you win four times four then you go back to the threes and twos and you have caught up as the number of winning turns is equal to the losing ones.

Dek was elated about his new system and so was I. We distrusted it in general, but then we sat down and figured and figured, and each time it appeared solid and carried us back through all kinds of deviations down to the last stake. Then we rejoiced and indulged in illusions. Tine no longer in distress; no more threatening letters -drafts-in circulation! All his debts settled with collectors as well as friends. Then start a daily paper! For it he would find places as editors and directors for his staunch friends, every one according to his ability, and he would head it! That paper had to be something extraordinary; it would give him political support, influence and power.... power to do well. Then he would float into the air.....

The first two, three weeks at Homburg the system held up as promised. Almost daily Dek would send a hundred-frank bill to Tine, who paid various debts with it, and he hoped to satisfy all Brussels' creditors soon by playing larger stakes, but before it came that far we learned to know the reverse side of this way of playing.

We went broke, or almost. Now we had no resources and what made it worse was that Dek had no means to return to Holland. If all had gone well he would have been glad to report and serve his sentence; two such months solitary confinement, alone with his thoughts, with rest and solitude, thinking ahead he would have enjoyed doing; it always was a kind of illusion with him. But now, without rest, and with the painful reminder of wife and children, it was impossible.

Pondering on what to do next he decided to ask publisher van Helden, who had paid him a visit in Amsterdam for an advance on a work he promised to write for him. After Mr. Meyers had become owner of the First and Second volumes of his Ideas, Multatuli had decided to discontinue the relation with that gentleman. Van Helden acted favorably on his request, but of writing came nothing in the first months. Once more there was playing. Beaten in our hopes and with very little money, we arrived in July at Coblenz.)

XXII.

Coblenz, 19 August 1866.

Dear Mister Huet, Thanks for what you sent, mostly your sincere letter. I do not grasp the indulgence of the Messrs. Enschede, and it bothers me. Aye, send me once a couple of haarlemmer issues, then I'll try to learn from them how my messages must be so they will be used. You must realize that it is oppressive to receive that money for nothing at all. I can find no words for how strange it sounds to me that you are in a subordinate position. Now I think that individuals who demean you to "servant" (your term) cannot show much indulgence. That's why the matter remains a puzzle to me.

If I remember well the tune in which I had to read the haarlemmer to my mother, then my little bulletins sound accordingly. What the deuce, why are they not used?

You and your missus sincerely greeted,

t. a. v.
Douwes Dekker.

My wife has a "position" in Milan. Companion-lady or something. The children ça et là. But evenings she can have our little girl with her. What a misery!

I still must request something from you. Will you inquire whether my anthology has been reviewed anywhere? I am aware that my publisher sent it to various publications as an announcement. Any book dealer can look it up for you. The weekly of the book trade carries lists of literary reviews.

Not at the moment, because I am unable to work, but otherwise I would be more than glad to reply to some sharp attacks.

XXIII.

Coblenz 4 Sept. 1866.

Dear Mister Huet.

I must thank you for many things. For the first arrived Haarlemmers, for the later arrived ones, in which my important pieces appear, for the Spectator, for your execution of Klaasje Zevenster, and for your letter. In the event that my stories will be deemed useful it would please me, although I do not believe that they'll ever be worth f50 p. month, even if it were possible for me to make them entirely to please the Haarl. That strivng for objectivity I would applaud -no, I do applaud it- but, then one must not publish a newspaper. What's known for certain will fill a small page. Well, the Haarlemmer often does deviate from it and gives (in order just as I compelled to avoid saying nothing) the existence of an opinion for objective fact. Thusly the concepts objective and subjective become very relative, don't they? Thusly the existence of Beelzebub a fact in opinion, and the moon has, in a child's imagination, very objectively true, a human face. Aye, it becomes a game of words. The only difference is that the Haarl. protects itself with a "it is said", "we learn", "the journal *** writes."

Well, no doubt that saying, learning and writing will be factual. Often it's not even worth the effort to inquire if it's something else.

But, dear me, how come you're so busy at that paper? I think it looks like breakfast work, mostly dictating your excerpts while having tea. I think, however, that you are troubled by working overtime to please "management", and then I realize that you are busy, and even unhappy. I cannot bear it that you are "subordinate". I am of the opinion that

it should be enough for you, in order honestly to earn your existence, having accepted to press colorless material into good Dutch and turn it into a newspaper. After that they should have left you go and not convert you into the general adhesion with a daily grievance of subordination. If I had money I would like very much to start a daily myself, but I need more.... no , I need more and less than any one else. Less for starting the daily, because I believe I will immediately have a number of subscribers, so that I would lose no money by offering free copies during the first year. But I must have more than others because before all I should pay some debts in order to be able to move freely. How it must oppress you when dealing with the public matter, never to be able to utter your opinion. It's enough to burst.

Aye, good books are not reviewed in the Netherlands, thusly nowhere anything about that anthology. That is a friendly "thusly". Those spectator articles I find comical. Really, I am very well able to take criticism (if some time you want to batter me, you will see) and on that score I am not at all irritable. My dislike of writing, artifice, authorship to be bothered when people attack my writing. And mostly I avoid all discourse in order not to cause any thought of me being upset, as might easily be the case when I somewhat sharply put the spotlight on any dumbness (according to me) of my assailant. This Mr. Keerom seems to take the field mainly against my ignorance. Dear me, can I help it? I am not even doctor in dutch letters, which is certainly the least what anyone, in order not to be entirely nothing, can be. And, comical, at any opportunity, or non-opportunity, he cites people from whom I can learn something. Socrates, Buckle, Dr. Waitz. Gut, I am glad to believe it. But why so many lies in such

a review? Have I attacked Thorbecke because he has written nothing from 1836-1860 but his historical sketches? Where have I ever chased the"foolish chimeras of natural and original conditions created by Rousseau"? Oh, it bores me. But that "fatsoen" was derived from "facies" I now have, rather unwillingly, learned from mr. Keerom. I thought that it came fro m facere, via façon and face.

La critique est aisee, et l'art est difficile.... I think is a lame rule, and rather devoid of sense. Was not Boileau aware then that just critique is an "art"? The maximized anti-thesis falls into the water.

Oh, oh, Klaasje Zevenster! I haven't read the lamb, but amused myself very much with your undressing it. With later treatment of pieces such as Klaasje, in which is spoken of patriciers, I recommend that you couple the adjective scurvy to "respectable" which van Lennep likes so much to put in the foreground. I shiver as I recall the moment when I heard him pronounce that word respectable. I had a publisher for Havelaar, (Gunst who would publish the book for my brother's account). Van Lennep, who had the manuscript, said:

"No, no, let me take care of that.... it has to make its appearance through a respectable publisher. Besides, you don't know how to get along with such people (such people and respectable publisher, how does that tally?) For instance, suppose you do that now, what would you do with this little bundle? (the manuscript).

"Well, I would give it to him."

"Exactly, quite wrong. I separate all the pages and give them to him little by little, so I keep him under control."

I still do not grasp the finesse of that manner. But I cannot hear the word respectable without thinking of the overdose of respectability with which v. L. deceived me. At that moment he did not mean to. Only later he has said, in order to ward off reproaches from "Amsterdam patriciers", that the book was his property and that he had become owner "in order to stifle it". He was not ashamed to publish this. But he lied. He preferred to pass as perspicuous false rather than naive shortsighted. He deceived me out of cowardice, and nothing is more true than your parallel between the lack of character of the heroes in his book and his own lack of the same. But.... is your citing of Ferdinand Huyck (on page 10) a praising one? That I do not grasp. Ferdinand Huyck is an infamous book. This particular one of van Lennep's heroes is a poor sire, who left his fiance in the lurch out of fear of papa and respectability. I hate that book so! I had not read it yet at the time I got acquainted with van Lennep, later I found him exactly duplicated in his book. Would you be in agreement to castigate that scurvy respectableness whenever you can? Cowardice itself is bad enough. Such sponginess of character need not be praised on top of it. The very respectable Ferdinand Huyck, and that youth van Eylar, in so far as I know him from your description, are greater abominations to me than the scalawags whom the novelist let pos e for "bad". Among residents of houses such as Mont Athos I have found good human beings. Among cowards never.

And how that van Lennep is obsessed with his patriciers, heh? The

grandeur of Amsterdam's leading families is from a relative recent date. The van Lenneps themselves stem from a goldsmith. Hartsen (now Jhr) carries the stamp of middle class in the tail of his name. The Bickers and Backers baked and bikked. Huydecoper sold leather. Sillen is a jewish family risen in the last 50 years. Willinck's highness dates from the lodewyk-time[x] (jobbery with Louis, eluding the cont. system) etc. If I may reckon the stories of my youth to belong to my time, I can say that a very great part of Amsterdam leaders in my time have grown from non to on. And what about the Roëls then? asks van Lennep. (N. B. I guess that Roéll or Roél, to wit Roel tout court sans diaeresis has given birth to "van Eylar") Mrs. v. L. is a Roël, daughter of the cabinet minister under king Louis. Well now, I know nothing about patrician Roëls. I do know Willèrs whose father was Willer, and no doubt the Roels too thusly got the accent on their tail.

If nobility is foolishness (to which I do not quite subscribe) then how much more foolish is the bragging on a sort of nobility that doesn't even exist! The autochtone nobility, even the historic nobility, the brevet-nobility is at least known, and recognized here and there. Now and then it has historical meaning too. (True, only seldom! 'Tis a shame that there was so little accomplished by generations whose ancestors enjoyed better feeding for centuries, and who had a chance to get a better education than the rabble did.)

x #25 Lodewyk = L. Louis. (King Louis brother of Napoleon

But what such an Amsterdam patriciate amounts to is known only by the heavens, that is no one. The Keizersgracht and Heerengracht were built by the money of the "noble" W. I. Company,[X] just as now Willemspark in The Hague by Free Laborites and Kultuur-percentage-people. The robber barons risked their lives at least. What did the Lords XVII risk? And the present money grubbers?

What probably would annoy me in Klaasje Zevenster is the boring cliche of gradually and totally carrying the heroin's virtue down to .... yes, how must I say it? Will she or will she not marry or die a virgin? That rude moral holds sway in all those things. Pamela, Clarisse Harlow, Suzanne Bronkhorst, yes even in Saartje (whom otherwise I like) I've always got an urge to shout at such a pursued moral heroin: "for heaven's sake hurry up, go to bed with some one or other and have it over with! Do not bore us five volumes long with your chastity which après tout is very seldom chaste. I maintain that honor lives above the navel. It seems to me a bit adolescent of forever placing that question first. Concerning many women who profess to be chaste the question rises within me if it were indeed worth the trouble to spend so much for fortification of an insignificant little burg?

Readers think I'm rude.... I think readers are rude. Yes, novelists and their admirers who make so much ado about the question whether or not their heroin has "fallen", seem to attach more importance to that falling, and so too to that not-falling, than I do. It seems that it is their live's preoccupation, their main theme. It has something catholic: "Fasting, praying, mass, alms, belief...." and you're on

X) #26

your way.! Whose is around with that, is good. Whoso is lacking in it, is bad. Morals put within little lines. Not to forget the hypocrasy! That morality, no matter how dry and meagre, is not even sincere. How could the houses Athos exist if it were true that people abhor unchastity? (The word unchaste indicates quite well that the entire matter is more insignificant than present day people are willing to make it appear. The word is very faint in comparison with the impression it is supposed to make.) The "lie" in sermons, books, upbringing, principle peddling, is very dangerous. By so often repeating that this or that deviation is so bad, people cause it to be bad. A young man who accepts admonitions à la lettre, is indeed bad if he acts against his conscious. And whoso does not accept them à la lettre, gets used to all and sundry deviations. I consider it a great error that sexual life is everywhere placed so conspiculously as a criterion of virtue. Novelists need it as a spring for the movement of their wire puppets. Boring! Will she, will she not? Will she not, will she? Yes, it's boring, and au fond, disgusting too.

I write carelessly, I know. You don't, and that's why I ask you to spell montyon without h in future and please pay attention to then instead of if. (In my case it would not make any difference, but in your pieces it is out of order.) Oh, if you would do as I do, and once for all declared not to care about such things. It's so nice to be free. And for once see the blessed fruits of the purposeful indiscipline. Keerom, the fine, polished, learned, wise

Keerom, who intends to tease me with the declaration that there are people (among whom Socrates) from whom I still might learn something, even that Keerom, no matter how cutting his mood, does not make so bold as to say that I cannot spell, and write mensch sans tail. You surely would be blamed for the slightest error, yes even the smallest deviation. I can do anything, and I put it to use! Look, when I'm in doubt about a word being either mascul. or femin., I spell one thing or another close by so incongru as I can. Do I then make an error in the genus.... well now, isn't it evident that I don't care? Whoso has a hole in his stocking acts best by going barefooted. You are not allowed to have holes in your stockings.

To you and your missus my very sincere greetings.

t. a. v.
DD.

XXIV.

Coblenz, 18 September 1866.

Dear Mister Huet, I cannot tell you how happy I am with the temporary prolongation, and I thank you for your efforts. I have come to like that simple work, exactly because of its simplicity, I think. But the payment I consider high, and I would like very much to deliver more for that money. The £50 I've promptly received. I will write larger and on one side.*

Sincerely,
t. a. v.
Douwes Dekker.

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*) Beginning 24 September the Haarlemmer Courabt undertook an expansion and on that date too came out in larger format. In that first enlarged number a "From the Rhine"

made its appearance at the top of the front page and subsequently the little bulletins from Coblenz were rather regularly carried every 4, 5, 6 days or so.

The very first "From the Rhine" appeared in the Haarlemmer Courant of 10 July.

It is evident from it that Busken Huet immediately after Multatuli's first letter from Coblenz started the vignette. The first words are: "In a private letter from Coblenz...." and then follows in somewhat erudite terms what Dekker wrote about politics to Mr. Huet in his letter of 8 July. Besides there were other matters touched upon, of various kinds.

In the issue of 17 July followed a second "From the Rhine". A short article; the Coblenzer Tageblatt is mentioned in it. This piece as well as the next following "From the Rhine" must have been drawn by mr. Huet from the long letters that Multatuli with great zeal sent to the Courant immediately after the proposal. That first quintet of long letters was afterwards sent by Mr. Huet to publisher van Helden, but what became of their contents I do not know. In so far as I am aware they were never printed.

"From the Rhine" appeared in the Haarlemmer of 10, 17, 19, 20 and 27 July. In the last number appears a little piece that seems to me gave Multatuli away. (The words in question I put here in quotes.)

"The rumor is that the Governor of Mainz, count Rechberg, has decided to defend the town to the bitter end.*

*) that is, against the Prussians.

"Many citizens have complained about that and even sent a deputation to the Grand Duke of Hessen. with the request to do everything possible to save the city from the catastrophies of war. . The Grand Duke is supposed to have declared being deeply touched by the fate which the city of Mainz faces, and promised to do all he could to avert the danger. How he will carry out that promise is not clear. Already a prussian parlementary has demanded that the city must be surrendered within thrice 24 hours..... etc. etc."

Then for a month no bulletins from Multatuli see print, which is clarified by the letter which Mr. Huet wrote on 29 August to Dekker (Letters from C. Busken Huet, Volume I, page 170, but in the Haarlemmer Cour. of 24 August, one may again find a "From the Rhine".

I am deeply stirred by re-reading these little bulletins.

Yes, we were very poor in Coblenz; everything comes to mind again as I arrange these letters; but in spite of the poverty, the impression that has remained with me of that time, an impression of being rich and happy. We lived in one room at Rheinstrasse, above a pastry baker, Werner by name. It was a pleasant room and clean, but very scantily furnished. We had rented it for six thaler a month! But on that little settee at the rickety table he sat.... Multatuli. His situation was wretched, but that could not remain so, and when he said: You, after all, no one can take from me! I was content. I too had cares and grief, but the enormity of his grief sustained me and gave me courage. There was something great in all of it. We had suffered ill luck and sat there as casteaways on a rock. Our isolation, the beautiful environment, the stirring history that we saw being played like an intense drama, all of it was gripping. And being with him! As from an eternally fresh spring his observations, contemplations, boutades welled from his head, from his heart.. For me they colored and enlivened the events that in themselves already were so remarkable, and in the cross lights in which we saw them were so piquant and strange.

The little bulletins "From the Rhine" are a faint reflection of it.

Huet discusses the bulletins and Dekker's relations with the Haarlemmer Courant in his Biography of Multatuli as part of "Our Contemporary Literary Men." He says there:

"When in the summer of 1866 the prussian-austrian war began he journeyed at the Rhine, at Coln and Coblenz, I unexpectedly received a writing in which he expressed the wish to supply correspondence-articles for the Haarlemmer Courant with whose direction I was connected at that ime.

"Prussia still had not beaten Austria and thrown it out of the Bond. The day of Sadowa still had to come. The uncertainty about impending events caused

a strong agitation to reign in the Rhine province. It was the time that the Kölnische Zeitung related how right before their eyes the prussian recruits were driven with sticks into railroad cars in order to be driven toward Bohemia the anticipated main stage of the war, and how barbaric the prussian women thought this was.

"It seemed a happy idea of Multatuli that he wanted to take advantage of his presence on the spot, in order from his own observations, and on the basis of personal presence, could enlighten our fellow countrymen.

"His proposal, submitted to the consideration and approval of the messrs. Johannes Enschede & Sons was accepted, and with proven cleverness he carried out his task.

"He was to take sides neither between Prussia and Austria, nor confine himself to personal impressions. One thing fitted as little as the other into the cadre of a Dutch newspaper that always did want to have its foreign news considered What the Germans call Tagegeschichte: facts and judging of facts, but a judgment derived from the foreign papers themselves, and textually or by excerpts couched in the personal expressions of organs of differing orientation.

"Multatuli never had, unless as an aspirant-official at the Batavia bureaucracy, such objective work in hand. It went against his grain, his leanings, his talent. He is himself only, and powerful when on occasion he bursts out, and if either indignation or satire is allowed to be his muse.

"But it was not long before he found for the seething steam kettle of his subjectivity a fitting safety valve, and he founded the Mainzer-Beobachter.

"From all the contemplations and bulletins from the Rhine provinces found by him in the Kreuz, the Vossische, the Kölnische, the Frankfurter-Postzeitung he rendered full report. But when he thought that all those papers were tending too much to the wrong conclusions, then he would carry the Mainzer-Beobachter of his finding into the fire.

"It damaged his reputation as a correspondent, if you will, that no one in the Netherlands had ever heard of the Mainzer-Beobachter. What he pretended to derive from it would, although it was the language of a sound mind, have made a still stronger impression if the paper's name had been well known and could boast an existence of many years.

"Reversely, and this helped, there too was no one who thought of denying the existence of Multatuli's spokesman, or to doubt him. The Mainzer-Beobachter: How natural did it sound in the ears of the Dutch public! It was such a flowing German-Zeitung's name! Could one not immediately recalll having heard it elsewhere one would el ude oneself. And too one would blame oneself for not having paid attention before to a German paper that made such precise observations, exactly fitting for the Dutch.

"If there are readers who suspect me of having assisted Multatuli of bringing the Mainzer-Beobachter into the world, then my morality rises in protest. I only report an innocent liitle secret, and risk a prophesy. The time will come that loose issues of the Haarlemmer Courant of 1866, containing correspondent's articles from Multatuli, will rate a premium."

Multatuli has never factually spoken with Huet about his "Mainzer-Beobachter". There was no occasion for it, besides he no doubt found it simpler to carry the responsibility for his..... trickery himself.. My guess is that Mr. Huet learned of it later from Haarlem.

Besides, only slowly did the Mainzer-Beobachter gain consistency. If I am not mistaken then the name was used for the first time in the Haarlemmer Courant of 19 November. First in relation to regulations on the traffic in alcoholic beverages, and later in the following part of a sentence:

"The dailies are filled with advertising about lotteries in various contries. This is in relation to the decision that the annexed regions will be completely included in the prussian administration not before October 1867, till which time the various state (and what concerns Frankfurt) city lotteries are not absorbed

by the prussian lotteries. Only later will the prussian lottery, as it absorbs the several play-establishment, undergo a proportional expansion. How all of this rhymes (says the Mainzer-Beobachter) with the crusade that is being preached all over Prussia against the green tables at Homburg, at Wiesbaden, and at Ems, we do not grasp. Playing is playing. That same paper deals with an article in the Kreutzzetung, in which that paper cencures the anti-prussian demonstrations that have taken place at Hannover and elsewhere in the churches, on the occasion of the prayer for the King. Among other things the Kreutzzeitung has said: "Such demonstrations belong to the Judgment of the Lord. Whoso does not want to join the praying, may stay at home on Zundays; but those who want to peddle political opinions in church, are due for the rewards hypocrites get." The Mainzer paper, claiming as much as does the Kreuzzeitung to denounce the demonstrations, asks, however, how there can be talk of hypocrisy here, and if not instead the suspicion of hypocrisy concerns they who always are ready, on high command, to change the prayer's subject? "That political demonstrations in church are uncalled for," (it continues) "we admit; but is not the prayer in question itself a political demonstration? The difference between theologians who pray, and those who disturb the peace, who leave the church in a noisy manner, lies only herein, that the former are en règle^x with the police, the others not. Only a few months ago the mood that now leads to uncalled for noise, was solemny preached from the chancel. For this reason we must not all too strongly condemn the noise makers, and above all not slander them with the name of hypocrites. If they were that they would quietly join the praying, no matter for what king."

x) #27

*)(In successive "From the Rhines" , as a result of informations and contemplations of other papers, there is repeatedly a critical question or observation made by a Mainzer Courant -sometimes only in a single line. But in the Haarlemmer of 4 and 11 December the "Mainzer-Beobachter" is speaking again.

In the beginning that paper was originally used to smuggle in an observation, without a plan however to give it continuous existence, but being used over and over again it obtained steady form at last. Dek now began more and more to be attached to his paper, and even the moderation which he thought he had to use, amused him, as in the "Beobachter" he had to be moderate in expression, not in opinions. And then to see those opinions printed in "ye olde" dignified Truthful Haarlemmer!

Behold still a few citings one finds in the issue of 11 December 1866.)

"The negotiations with the Duke of Nassau about that Ruler's domains, s seem to be proceeding on the basis of a capitalilization of the average incomes. Three fifth of that capital will be deducted for farmland and forests; for the rest a rental will be paid in cash. One Mainzer paper says about this: "An agreement between the prussian treasury and Duke Adolf is not difficult to make when the third party, the Nassauer people, is shut out from the negotiations. The question not only should have been how the late Duke should have to be compensated for his domains, but above and before all what really was domain? At the handling of this question by Prussia one is involuntarily forced to be reminded of the proverb that speaks of broad oars. What has been accomplished by all those capable, honest, judicial men who had intended to add a word of protection of the interests of the Nassau population?

Putting the park at Biberich open to the public no doubt is a great benefit, and the tourists who will visit this former residence, probably will be filled with appreciation of the Government at Berlin; but the people of Nassau were entitled to other considerations, and those have been deplorably lost sight of." *

*) And a little farther:

"One hears from Hanau that the military draft proceeds in a regulated and orderly manner. The recruits embellished with flowers and ribbons march through the streets. One cannot perceive a difference in mood between the drafts under hessian elector's reign. The Mainzer Beobachter, citing this news from prussian papers, ridicules the optimism that thinks it can derive material benefit even from the wantonness of drunken adolescents to glorify the newly created conditions. We hope (so continues the paper) that prussian politics may bring about other and better evidence of contentedness than the shouting conscripts who want to initiate their new career with immodest use of brandy. Under the former administration too this very uncalled for habit existed, but we never heard that the lectoric Government made bold to adduce such street cabal as evidence of general contentedness. Of course, no one would have considered it as such, but at present, after Königgratz, everything seems to have changed.

(Through all kinds of vissisitudes Multatuli continued a "From the Rhine" to the Haarlemmer Courant till July 1869.

In the meantime he repeatedly told friends, and those he considered to be friends about his secret concerning

the Mainzer Beobachter. Thusly it came to the attention of Dr. P. A. Hartsen and unexpectedly Dekker received the following letter.

Haarlem, 30 July 1869.

Sir.

Mr. P. A. Hartsen at Utrecht has reason to suspect that the paper Mainzer Beobachter, of which in your correspondence there is repeated mention, does not exist; so that here must be thought of mystification.

We have written Mr. Hartsen that we would inform our correspondent about his observation.

We would appreciate to learn of your opinion in this matter. While awaiting your reply, we have the honor to remain,

Your obliging servants,
Joh. Enschede and S.

I would have been happy to let Multatuli's answer to this letter follow here, as I remember finding it interesting at the time, but the messrs, Enschede replied to my request to allow me to look into the correspondence, that they had only knowledge of having received one letter from Multatuli, and that to their regret they were unable to find it.

Most probable is that this one letter was just the one I am seeking. There was no correspondence since the departure of Busken Huet, no other correspondence, I think, then the acknowledgments to the bookkeeper of money receipts.

Now, to the regret of Dekker, who had developed a feeling of appreciation for the sympathetic treatment he had experienced from the messrs. Enschede, the relation with the Haarlemmer Courant was severed.

Just then, in the issue of 28 July, the Beobachter, that otherwise had not been given space, had absorbed an entire page. I think it of sufficient importance to include it here and with it close this episode.

"FROM THE RHINE, 24 July.

"The Mainzer-Beobachter treats of an article in the Kreutz-Zeitung in which thankful homage is paid to the memory of the Hessian leader Emmerich who, sixty years ago, under the reign of the King of Westphalia, was put to death as a result of an attempt to free his

fatherland from the foreign ruler. "All that is alien, which is daily emphasized," (thusly the first named daily expresses itself) almost might be able to spoil our verdict about the simplest of matters. Whoso would have predicted that in the ancient capitol of the great hessian race we would almost daily have to complain about the wantonnes and wilfulness of foreign soldiers, who after all have not entered our city as foreign conquerors, would have been called a fool. History relates of free states and conquered states, but fruitlessly we seek in the past for examples of a condition in which the new theories of state's rights have placed us. This question may arise if a hessian subject who feels himself compelled to oppose prussian rule, is found guilty of revolt against the lawful powers. We would like very much hear the answer from the theological faculty; but in awaiting this we turn our eager glances to the political leaders of the day. What do they teach us? In 1807 a great slice of Hessenland was under foreign rule. A courageous fighter, a Hes and patriot, stuck out his hands to free his fatherland and was condemned to death by the courts of that time. Now this does not seem strange to us. W e do not have to go very far back in our memory to find examples how other courts too, doing justice in the name of other conquerors, rendered strong verdicts about crimes that in greater or smaller measure could be put on a line equal to the offense of officer Emmerich. Has not the other day a baker in Hannover been punished -although not with death, but severely enough- because he had ventured to wear linen that showed the colors

of his fatherland. Do we not hear daily how epithets of being malcontents are hurled at the heads of those who remained faithful to the institutions of their forefathers? Is there anywhere raised a voice on behalf of mayor Fellner of Frankfurt who -as an ancient Roman- did not want to survive the independence of his ancestral city?

"And yet the organ of prussian-inclination par excellence; the paper that carries God, King and Fatherland in front, in a moving manner makes bold to call to mind a deed which -if followed today- would everywhere be met with curses. Emmerich succumbed a victim for the honor of his fatherland. No one is more stirred than we are by the fame that such deeds give to the german name. What we ask, however, is: Why the virtue of 1807 has become a crime in 1867? Morality itself has not changed. Do we have to blame the difference in viewpoint on a change of morality? Then the consequences of Königgratz are even greater than we dared to imagine, yes so great that we feel ourselves constrained, deep down in our hearts, to deplore those consequences. We thought that truth, virtue, justice were matters outside the reach of the farthest carrying portable cannons, and that the most famous breech-loader could not hit the heart of logic.

Our perplexity is so much greater because we cannot ascribe the fame of Emerich to a partisan feeling of that conservative organ. We keep ourselves flattered that the Kreuz-zeitung this time, by exception, applauded by papers of all colors and dirctions, from which the singular anomaly sprouts that a hessian hero is adulated by parties who by acclamation as damaging treason if it would reveal itself today. We very much doubt if it would be allowed an elect-hessian paper to trumpet

forth a fact that is well fitted to call to life ideas, wishes and expectations which the conquerors would prefer to muted to oblivion. Should one of the Berlin organs wish to come to the assistance of our misunderstanding, we would with deep appreciation a report about the causes that in sixty years' time have brought about such a significant change in the conceptions of the duties of a citizen.*

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*) After this expatiation we return to the fall of 1866.

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TO MRS. DOUWES DEKKER - VAN WYNBERGEN.

XXV.

Coblenz 12 September.

Tine, dearest. This afternoon I received your letter of Sunday in which the news that you had left that Mrs. Mertens. That you have left a house where all you had was a dark little room and where people preferred "to be left alone", but those 40 francs and those furnished little rooms "for this month" is heart rending. How bitter everything is. Within four days I expect 50 florins from the Haarlemmer Courant and then I can send you at least fr.20. Added to the pitiful condition in which that rich woman has let you go, this is at least something. I would like so much to go to Paris, although that will require a great deal. It's not the trip, really. It's a kind of getting settled there in order not immediately to fall into hotel bills there. We must have our own furniture and kitchen, or in any way do our own cooking even were there no kitchen. That makes no difference with eating out or have it brought from a restaurant. A grown person does not have to spend more than 50 or 60 centimes for a good noon meal (for my taste better than getting it in or from a restaurant) And then it is tasty and good. But the main thing is to get settled down! You don't even have a little pan or pot to prepare something. That makes a great difference. Now you have to pay the highest prices for everything from your penury.

Oh, I long so much to have you and the children with me, and if that was already so before I learned that you had left that Mrs. M., you can realize how much I now want it when you're again in flight. Ogod, 'tis so cruel. Now I got your letter and I must try to get over it. All that has happened of late, your flight from Brussels, your going to Italy, your position at Mrs. M. , I regarded as being temporary. But now your situation falls as lead on my heart again. Those fr. 40, which you and Non have to live on for a month, your seeking for something else (a pension)[x] 'tis terrible.

I said I must try first to recover a little from the new situation. No matter what, as soon as I receive the money from the Haarl. I'll send you fr. 20! Poor dear, it isn't much. But now I must ask you something else, how are matters in relation to Stephanie? Listen, for the situation you are in now you really did not have to go to Italy. Now I fail to grasp the invitation of Stephanie and did so when you first spoke of that mrs. M. In order to get a "position" you did not have to leave Holland. On the contrary, no matter how hard the entire matter remains, you still had more of a chance of a little consideration in Holland. Even with those who insult me, you still have always remained some one else than le premier venue. And there no one knows you. Stephanie's going on a trip after having thusly invited you, immediately struck me strange. Inviting thusly is simple if at once upon arriving one has to look for work. And from what you write it's not evident whether you think that after her return you expect to be taken care of by her. You do not write a word about it. I am worried.

x) #28

If all were as before you would have said something about it, and you would certainly have spoken about her return as a relief. My heart bleeds when I think about you and about our dear children. Will you answer me on what I ask you about Stephanie? Aye, did you have to go so far away for that? 'Tis to cry. There must come a change, but I cannot catch my breath about continuously changing conditions. I was just about to bring a little order in my position here, and now all is difficult again and I'm agitated by this new tiding that you are in distress. I am very sad and discouraged. Mimi does everything she can to encourage me, and her task is not easy, for really, I am in a daze. Such never ending worry and miscalculation might drive any one crazy. Since leaving Frankfurt the task has really been to settle down to a quiet plan, and during all that time I have been occupied with nothing else but to remain alive. And singular, when everything runs just well enough to prevent perishing entirely sans having come to rest at last for once. I just had overcome the unmentiable idea that you were among strangers, and now I verily am compelled to regret that it is the other way around again! Certainly, the joy of being free is worth a great deal were I but certain that you and our dear children had what is needed. You must realize how it agitates me that you sit there in a foreign country without contact, without support, with little or no money in a dark little room! Oh, why did Stephanie let you come so far? I took her invitation quite differently.

As for that yearly contract, oh, that wouldn't be a great obstacle if we wanted absolutely to discontinue such an accord. That would not

be a great problem. The worst part is that you fear for good food for Non (and I add for you too) that would be intolerable.. I am eating well at present. For proportionately little money Mimi cooks (on wood-alcohol) potatoes, vegetables and meat. I eat better really than in a restaurant.

My striving is toward getting back together again. The present separation is intolerable. I am sorry and ashamed about it. A proportionately small sum would enable me to go to Paris; but before you and the children could come, I should have something going and above all on our own quarter. Inns are a curse.

TO MISTER C. BUSKEN HUET.

XXVI.

Coblenz 19 October 1866.

Dear Mr. Huet. I thank you for the £50. Concerning the new proposal I must acknowledge that the decrease is indeed a setback, but that I myself though £50 much too much, and even with £25 consider myself well paid. It's not a question of my needs but what a daily paper is able to pay for such dispatches, and so I should be content. So I accept the offer of a steady connection with thanks and will do my best to make my little bulletins as devoid of importance as will be at all possible. Will you warn me at once if you wish to see a change made in that?

The honorarium to 15 November on the old basis is more than decent. I am abashed by it. And yet I now have a request. You were kind enough to send me the issues in which my writings were printed. I am quick to thank you for it as those papers (about six per month) brought me the only news I heard from Holland. Still I was worried about the amount of money spent by you (or by the H. Ct.) for postage and seal. If the payment of £50 could have continued I should have loved to have the costs of the Courant deducted. Now I can only with difficulty afford that, and yet I would like so much to receive the Courant every day. Now, were it so that

in my opinion f25 is meager pay for my little bulletins, I would request to send the Courant free as an addition. That hinders me now, and so I leave it to you if that request might be indiscreet.

I know little of what's new in Holland! Yes, but the little I do know about it makes me feel sad. Does it then not come to any one's mind to point out that all that's now occurring is the consequence of the conditions I have called attention to for years? "Decay," "polluted atmosphere," etc., now are the words being the order of the day. When I said so I was reviled. My wife and children are wandering. I myself suffered want. Is that just? Oh, I'm sad.

Within a few days my wife will begin to give lessons at a boarding school, where our little girl stays with her. After deducting for boarding the little one, my wife now receives fr.5 permonth (fr. 40 - fr.35) "Tis bitter. And that she there, in her declining years, has to teach school! Well, so be it!

I cannot write very well, as my eyes hurt. If that condition does not improve the future looks dim. I have written to the new Gov. General to re-appoint me. My wife and children would have bread then. He has not answered me.* Might it be that the Haarlemmer could use other news, preferably from Paris? I would love to go there and then would have my family with me. Yes, if only I could count on the f 100 a month. A daily bulletin from Paris might well be more interesting than those from the Rhine here. But I am aware that the Courant is bound to its budget.

I am much obliged for all your friendly assistance. What a burden am I to you! Friendly greetings to your wife and believe me,

t. a. v.
Douwes Dekker.

(*)Of this letter to the new Governor General I have a copy,

taken by me at that time.)

XXVII.

To
His Excellency Lord Mr. P.
Meyer. Former Minister of
Colonies, appointed Governor
General of Netherlands-Indies.

Excellency!

The news papers carry the tiding of the appointment of Your Excellency to Governor General of Nehterlands-Indies.

In the hope that this tiding is confirmed, I take the liberty to direct myself to Your Excellency with the request to be once again to be placed in Netherlands-Indies service.

The reasons that force me to take this step for a part lie in the conviction that it is my duty to make this attempt in order to save my family from the need it is in all these years since, and further because of my desire to perform useful service in the country that I love, and in such sphere of work that Your Excellency might think I am fitted for.

Rank and income would proportionally immaterial if only I were given the opportunity at an eventual appointment, to be accompanied by my family on the way to the Indies.

Excellency! In so far as people pretend to know me as a public personality, I have mostly been incorrectly judged. I was taken to be an opponent of order and law, while in reality I took the part of order, and opposed the continual violation of law.

With re- instatement in the Indies, in a manner as would appear just to Your Excellency, I would do my utmost in showing my fulfilment of duty that it never was my purpose to break down or obstruct. I believe I can be useful, mostly because with an eye to time-circumstances, including abroad. And besides.... I have suffered much in and through the suffering of my family above all!

In the hope that Your Excellency may indulge the simple wording of this démarche, and with modesty recommend any answer, I have the honor

etc.

Coblenz, 9 September 1866.

Should your Excellency choose to receive me personally, then I would with pleasure come to The Hague to meet Y. E. there.

XXVIII

Coblenz, 12 November 1866.

Dear Mister Huet, I am very sorry that you have not answered me on whether I could, by delivering something from Paris to the Haarl. Courant, earn f 100 p. month? Now that the very unimportant messages from the Rhine, are considered to be worth f 25 by the directors, I would, I think, be able to deliver from Paris at least f 100 worth. Above all with an eye to the impending exhibition. I am so bold as to ask you if they will give it a few months' trial? The directors of your Courant in no way would be bound to continue if my writings did not suit them. I am so impressed with the truth that everyone has the right to judge his own ability, that without the least regret I I would learn that my informations are not useful. Still I would do

to make them useable as I love to go to Paris. If I had something by which to keep going for the present I would try (of course by other work) to get so much in addition that I could let my wife and children come over. Their situation at Milan is.... but what good are complaints! I love to have them with me.

From Paris you could let me send whatever you chose. Simple bulletins such as now the Rhinies, about french interests, similar ones about Italy, Spain or the Orient or, especially now, about the Exhibition, constructed in a manner that interests dutch readers.... briefly, whatever you like, if I were but sure to be enabled to deliver f100 worth per month. The quantity too I leave to you, really always more instead of less. And were I but assured of three months, I still would love to go. Would you be willing to bring this up for me?

But try, if I may ask you, to speed things up, as through a variety of causes, including my wife's situation, I'm siting with a knife on my throat. Would it not be profitable for your Courant to be able to announce that they had sent a special correspondent to the Exhibition? But in that instance I should have to be provided with a little room for subjectivity. It should have to be something else than a catalogue.

Are my little bulletins written clearly enough lately? My eyes give me a lot of trouble, sometimes I write on touch.

t. a. v.
Douwes Dekker.

'Twould mean a great deal to me to be certain of six months, but

still I accept three. If once I get to Paris, I'll keep going, I trust.

And just now I remind myself that the informations about the Exhibition can remain pragmatic. There will be facts and incidents enough to skip my observations. Yes, no doubt it could go, I think.

XXIX.

Coblenz 22 November '66.

Dear Mister Huet, As early as yesterday did I receive your letter with £50 enclosed. I thank you for that as well as for your advice concerning my parisian plans. And I recall at the same time of not having said anything about the steady arrival of the courant. It pleases me very much, mostly since it is about the only means by which to get to learn of what is going on in Holland. I am really happy that you can use my little bulletins telle quelle, and no matter how insignificant the business be then, still I am finding a kind of pleasure in it. Tell me without fail when you want an alteration made. I want to make as little trouble for you as I can.

I have not yet written to mister Enschede.* and I am not certain whether I shall do so. In view of their aversion to change, I am afraid that the owners of the Haarlemmer will be reluctant to new expansion so abruptly after the last one. Would the proposal have been initiated by you, that would be something else. When the proposal comes from me it has the

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*)Mr. Huet had advised him to contact the Messrs. Enschede himself concerning his proposal to go to Paris.

semblance as if I would base right of advice or inmenging on my brief, unimportant relation, and this would be stranger since you, after all in the view of the messrs. Enschde, are endlessly more important than I am, think it proper to refrain from such interference. It is self evident that I prefer to have something from which I could live and at the same time something that would bring me closer to my family. In fact I would let my wife and children come to Paris as soon as I could foresee that I could maintain myself there.

But it may come up in conversations, the very thing what you do not wish yourself to bring up as a certain proposal.

Heavens, who then has a voice in the business if people, or you yourself even, think you must be isolated. What a strange tactic!

Don't you have a desire to start your own paper? I would have done it long ago if I had had the necessary money, independent of a publisher. I am convinced that people would supply you with the means, and not so very much is required for it. If I could have raised the required little money, I would have asked you to join. Would you give it a thought? If you do not reject the idea entirely I should like to offer a couple of main thoughts.... oh, that's not necessary. Tell me only if you wouldn't take it in consideration, and if I, in the event you would, could not be your associate. I admit that I'd rather do so myself. That's why till now nothing came of it whenever the opportunity to associate with others offered itself now and then. I received invitations to bind myself to write "liberal editorials". I would reply that I was too liberal to tie myself to such an activity. Briefly, I always felt being unsuited

for partyman. I am quite incompatible (style Onstee) for defending an à priori determined course. The ideal of my Courant would be -yes, what name to give it?- eclectic, I believe. the impressions of the moment (For example: The account of general Butler's speech makes me monarchial for eight days long.)

But I would, when I had agreed with you to do so, to deliver a certain quantity of labor, punctually fulfilling what we had agreed to. The easiest thing for you and me would be, however, that you and your paper once for all would allow me a certain space, to be filled on my own responsibility, and signed by me. It should even be allowed you the freedom to disavow me. I am convinced that a paper edited by you (provided no share holders practised influence on it) would thrive. Don't you believe that people would read with pleasure for instance the excerpts from other papers now offered by the Haarl. Ct., if they were accompanied by a little enlightening word from yourself? I guess that you now, bound as you are now by your dependence, more than once have difficulty to keep your observations to yourself? Now, it is just as true that "people" would very much like to read such observations. After"the Arnhemmer of Groen v. Pr. claims, declares, assures" etc., one involuntary awaits to hear each time: what you claim, declare and assures, and often there lies even in the repetitions of the cited speakers themselves, that their claims are owlish, people still would want to hear how you brand that owlishness. Difficile est satiram non scribere.Now you receive insufficient reward for what's difficult, and what's more easy: not

holding back the satire would (I believe) reward you handsomely, and at the same time supply you with a position that would suit you better than the one of subordinate.

Oh, I thank you for that little item about my children, and I owe thanks to mister Potgieter for that too. Besides I must say that I concur in his observation. They are lovely children. There's no evil in them, and if the oldest one sometimes does something uncalled for, it will really be only from curiosity. As for their gifts. Their report cards tell me little. What they have learned to date has been only been untimely. My little boy likes to read a good deal, but he really cannot spell. Their education needs a little order and till now that was impossible. That's another reason that I would like to be somewhere steady, so as at last to make a beginning with a kind of course. Intelligence sans a systematic base is anathema to me. In the end it winds up to nothing, and the world cares little for it (to which I agree.)

My wife has inquired for the latest best histoire universelle? Would you be so kind as to counsel me in this? I know nothing about it. Although it is for the children of course, it must still not be a work written especially for children. That I hold to be very wrong. Now, for adults I really know nothing about a general history. And it has to be french. Otherwise I would think Schlösser.

Will you answer me soon please about this latter. You are a lazy writer.

With kindly greetings also to your wife, I am in all friendliness

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

I mentioned the speech of general Butler. (See Indépendance of recent date.) 'Tis dégoutant.[x] But see, there I read in the Haarl. the speech of Mr. Philipse.... verily I do not know what is worse. Is the fadeur of such a piece not noticed in Holland? I would nearly not know how to choose between so much american obscenity and equal dutch respectability! And such a man invokes God's help for all his prattle. The nation has a real cassowary stomach.*

> *)This concerns the speech with which the president of the First Chamber of the States General, Mr. J. A. Philipse, assumed his seat on November 20, after the Second Chamber on the 10th October had been dismissed by the King, and the session of the States General had been re-opened November 19.)

XXX.

(Sans date but must be:
December 1866.)

Dear mister Huet. I'm in haste to inform you of the receipt of the f25. Might it come to pass some time to extend my slight association with your Courant then, if you please, propose it, and that without any perspective on my stay here. On the contrary, I will, as soon as I can make a move go south. My wife, for some time quite exhausted, will perish under the stress. Her courage always went beyond her strength. The employment which she now has seems to be exhausting (every fourteen days she has a couple of hours off) she vomits blood. If I could get to Paris and let her come there, it would be a real salvation. That I would love, and still I did not write to mister Enschede. I cannot believe that a proposal coming from me would have any success if you do not think it has a chance.

x) # 29

Besides, I fear that everything will be foiled by the paper's budget. And that is natural! Why add to expenses when things march along well under the present setup? All of that makes me shy to call on the Messrs. Enschede with something new. But once more, should it occur that you can propose something, then go ahead. I will try to do perfectly what you promise in my name or take upon yourself.

Now you could do me a great favor. Immediately after reading the first announcement of Bosscha's "Prussia and the Netherlands" I felt a desire to read that booklet, guessing that I will have to say something about it. I have studied the german spirit somewhat. (Not because I am at Coblenz, since I talk to no one, but I 've been reading a great deal lately.) Do you know Dr. Joh. Scherr, professor at Zurich? He is, as a writer, a very peculiar personality. When I subtract his main shortcoming -the rare fault of exuberance, copious expression- I rate him over all the writers known to me. Now and then he cites Shakespeare, and I verily believe that it is from coquettry, in order to tell the reader that he, Sherr, is richer. If you read him I recommend you "Blücher und seine Zeit". Do not think that I think all of it lovely, but certain it is that his writers' vices exist in excess of virtue. Nature was lavish when it produced Sherr, with no more difficulty it might have made from his material a couple of historians, plus a philosopher, plus a poet, and still one thing and another thrown into the bargain. But once more, just because of that Sherr is too full.

O. K..... Bosscha. I wanted to ask you if you can stand the expense of sending me that brochure? Perhaps that will help me getting to workat things of myself, from myself I do not have. My mood is too bitter. A curse is all I have to utter. As a sad token of that mood I translated something from Sherr lately. The difficulty of paraphrasing his german into our rich -but relatively always too poor- attracted me. I will mail it to you, perhaps you'll know a débouché[X] for it, but I don't want it known that I translate. People would look upon it as a testimonium paupertatis. A nd that is not quite true. I am indeed exhausted, but not through a dirth of thoughts.. It's because of pain that I am unable to express myself.

And to have to watch that there in Holland all kinds of swindlers carry the upper tone! Yes, send me Bosscha. It would be strange indeed if among the factors that regulate the relations of Holland to Prussia not only was the sad one: the decay of the state of the Netherlands! A nd then I'm on my topic, the only one that can sp ur me on to join in the talk.

I thank you for yoursympathetic writing. The news about my children is good. My Eduard writes Italian as if he had always done so. Well, some language it is! It nauseates me. Still worse than french it compares to latin as Oma does to grandma. It's a language that might cause one to speak in favor of weaning.

X#30

Friendly greetings to you and your wife from
Your friend,
Douwes Dekker.

'Tis devilish cold here. Did you get a hold of ten Cate's "Creation" already? I am curious about it. Verse! Ten Cate! Oh!

Ik zou deez aardkloot in haar wentlen
Met eenen voetstoot om doen kentlen
doen zinken in het niet waaruit ze (he I do not know exactly)
't aanzyn nam....
En dan met al m'n ridderorden op de pantoffel parade gaan
drentelen..... X

Disgusting! No, saddening, as all that riff-raff is paid, rewarded, pampered, honored. That makes me bitter.

What a cabal with that new courant. f500.000!! Oh, I could have managed with a lot less. And what an honor for that hagueian paper that one has to be worth $\frac{1}{2}$ million in cash in order to attack it successfully. Le fait est that this Lion has talent. Each day at a certain hour he has at hand so much indignation, so much irony, so much enthusiasm! That's a little better than your haarlemmer that so modestly hides behind it's "it is said, people claim, paper so is informed." Never will $\frac{1}{2}$ million men be called to arms to oppose the Sincere one. But how tedious the ads are getting! The moving death-notices are completely gone. Only once did I read something about "old and young adam." Aye, everything is retrograding.*

*) The foregoing paragraph refers to an entre-filet that appeared in the Haarl.Courant of 15 Dec. 1866. It announces:

X)#31

"Recently there was a wide circulation of a catalogue on the issue of a large new daily paper entitled: Dagblad van Nederland, and connected with it a loan in the amount of f500.000. The plan is to print a courant twice the size of existing papers without having to cost more. Its publisher will be mister Sythoff at Leyden. The founders are the messrs: Dr. P. Bleeker, counsel of State in Special Service; dr. I. Bosscha Jr. , inspector of secondary education; M. F. Campbell, sub-bibliothecary of the royal library; dr. L. I. Eyeling, inspector of the State medical supervision of South Holland; A. L. H.Ising, secondary reporter at the Second Chamber of the States General; dr. M. P. Linde, inspector of primary education in South Holland; Mr. M. A. Maas-Geesteramus, burgomaster of Hilligersberg; Lodewyk Mulder, captain of infantry; T. I. Stieltjes, member of the Second Chamber of the States General; Mr. C. Vosmaer, substitute recorder of the High Council of the Netherlands; T. van West-theene, Wz. L.L. dr. I. C. Zaalberg, preacher. The courant will not be issued before the half million is subscribed in full. The general purpose is to establish a paper the size of the Journal des Débats and, so it seems, also in the spirit of that organ. In the meantime it appears in the prospectus that royal 's Gravenhage does not meet its fundamental call to be the seat of the most outstanding Newspaper of the empire; that, as concerns the residency, the most noble of our country are convinced that they have tolerated much too long, without opposition the blemish of a "Daily" that, "written with astuteness arouses party spirit in order to serve party interests, and sans respect for talent or character, mixes just enough truth untruths in order to warp good peaople's judgment".

From this sentence, aimed straight at the Dagblad van Zuid Holland and 's Gravenhage, one might deduce that the particular goal is the founding of a liberal organ for The Hague, bound to oppose the influence of the conservative Head-organ, the Daily. Thusly the last named paper has already come out with a first, very sharp article against the new enterprise, under the heading of:"A Modern Mississippi Company" in which the netherland's dalies are put on notice of the death-threat with which they are faced; of the prospect that all contemporary existing courants will vanish from the earth, after which on their tombstones will arise an only good, an only enlightened,. an only honest, an only impartial paper: the Dagblad van Nederland.")

XXXI.

3 Jan. 1867.

Dear mister Huet! The brochure "richtig" received. Thanks for the trouble you took and the payment in advance. I would have immediately advised you of its receipt and thanking you for it, but I delayed in the thought that a little note would follow.

I am now quite occupied with "something in relation to the brochure of etc." I hope to finish it within a few days.

My ceiling is thin, meaning the ceiling of my room. In the attic overhead the baker's boys play sabbath, no jewish sabbath, but a real blockberger whacking sabbath. This bothered me. I complained. It kept bothering me and I complained again. It would change, "der Frau" had me told. But it did not change. On the contrary, The sabbath increased in fun and strength and noise. I join in the dancing. No other way, since the whole house shakes.

Well. I complain again and again and this time I get a less encouraging answer.

"Ya Herr, that has "seine ganz eignethümliche Bewantheit! X One of the "apprentices" sehen Sie, ist Gesell geworden, and now he wants to have a little more liberty and says that he can do what he wants to in his room. Man must jeden in seine Kwaliteit respectiren, briefly.... if that noise doesn't suit you, I would prefer that you left.

So that's it! The month ends on the 15th, and I must try to get out. But in order to get away I must make an effort to get the necessary money.

x) #32

Thusly in connection with the new dignity of the baker's helper, I make bold to ask you if you can ask the cashier if he can take care that I'll have my honorarium here before the 15th?

What I need in addition to that I shall try to get from van Helden for my writings about Bosscha's brochure. I shall order him, of course, to send you a copy. You no doubt will find in it the traces of the sabbath and the baker's apprentice, whom I must respect in his dignity.

In the meantime friendly greetings from

t. a. v.

Douwes Dekker.

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